

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



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TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

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By Post 6¹/₂d.



MISS LUCY WILLIAMS.

"HOLLY LEAVES,"

THE Christmas Number

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,
WILL BE PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 10th.It will contain a fac-simile copy, in 17 Colours, of a painting by
Geo. A. HOLMES, entitled

"FIRM FRIENDS."

ENGRAVINGS:

HOLLY LEAVES. By M. STRETCH.
SEEING THE OLD FOLKS
HOME. By H. J. WILSON.
HER LORD AND MASTER. By
W. W. WEEKES.
THE JOLLY LAPLANDER. By
A. W. STUTT.
PEACE AND WAR. By DAVIDSON
KNOWLES.
A CHRISTMAS DREAM. By H.
FURNISS.
A TIGHT CARTRIDGE. By A.
B. FROST.
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STURGES.
SLEEPING BEAUTY. By F.
DUDD.

CHRISTMAS ON THE TOWING-
PATH. By G. L. SEYMOUR.
MOTHER'S DARLING. By P.
MARTIN.
TWO TO ONE. By ELLEN
CONOLLY.
THE HISTORY OF A HARE'S
FOOT. By WALLIS MACKAY.
AM ECCENTRIC CHASE. By M.
FITZGERALD.
THE PHANTOM OMNIBUS. By
M. FITZGERALD.
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mas," by FREDERIC BOYLE—"Haymaking," by the Hon. LEWIS WING-
FIELD—"An Eccentric Chase," by ALFRED E. T. WATSON—"The Veiled
Picture," by W. YARDLEY—"Red Joe," by Sir CHARLES YOUNG, Bart.—
"The Phantom Omnibus," by J. A. O'SHEA—"The History of a Hare's
Foot," by THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC—"Peace and War," by H. SAVILE
CLARKE—"A Popular School," by ARTHUR CECIL—"The Harbour Master's
Revenge," by J. ASHBY-STEELE—"Holly Leaves," by "AMITHON," &c., &c.

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

"The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,"
READY DECEMBER 10th.

N.B.—No more Advertisements can be received for this
Christmas Number.

GEO. MADDICK, Jun., Publisher.

Offices: 148, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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Shakespeare's Comedy having been received with the utmost enthusiasm,
will be repeated every evening at 8 o'clock, until further notice. Shylock,
Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances of THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE to-day (Saturday), at 2 o'clock, and Saturdays,
Dec. 6, 13, 20, and 27. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

LYCEUM. Morning Performance for the Benefit of
MR. WILLIAM BELFORD, Wednesday Dec. 10th. The Committee,
through the generosity of the Members of Mr. Belford's profession, have
the honour to announce the following Programme.—THE TWO ROSES,
by James Alberly. Mr. Digby Grant, Mr. Henry Irving; Caleb Deecie, Mr.
Thomas Thorne; Jack Wyatt, Mr. Charles Warner; Mr. Furnival, Mr. E.
Righton; Our Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James; Policeman, Mr. W. Elton;
Servant, Mr. R. Markby; Lottie, Miss Amy Roselle; Ida, Miss Kate Bishop;
Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Sophie Larkin; Mrs. Cripps, Miss Cicely Richards.
After the comedy Miss Ellen Terry will deliver an address, written by Mr.
Clement Scott. THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK, arranged from Charles
Dickens's Novel specially for this occasion by John Hollingshead and Charles
Dickens. Serjeant Buzfuz, Mr. J. L. Toole; Mr. Skimpin, Mr. John Bil-
lington; Mr. Phunkey, Mr. Horace Wigan; Justice Stareleigh, Mr. Arthur
Ceel; Mr. Pickwick, Mr. G. Grossmith; Mr. Winkle, Mr. G. Grossmith,
jun.; Mr. Tupman, Mr. G. W. Anson; Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Kendal; Sam
Weller, Mr. J. G. Taylor; Old Weller, Mr. W. J. Hill; Mr. Perker, Mr. F.
W. Irish; Mr. Dodson, Mr. J. Fernandez; Mr. Fogg, Mr. J. Maclean; Soli-
ter's Clerk, Mr. R. Soutar; Usher, Mr. A. Maltby; Master Bardell, Master
Grattan; Mrs. Bardell, Miss Everard; Mrs. Cluppins, Mrs. Bancroft; The
Jury, Messrs. J. Hare, Sydney Bancroft, H. J. Byron, Hermann Vezin,
George Honey, H. B. Conway, Wilson Barrett, Lytton Sothorn, J. H.
Barnes, Charles Harcourt, Barton McGuckin, &c. Stage Manager, Mr. H.
J. Loveday. Seats may be booked at the Lyceum Theatre from 11 to 4.
Prices: Orchestra Stalls and Front Row of Dress Circle, £2 2s.; Pit Stalls,
£1 1s.; Dress Circle, not Front Row, £1 1s. A few Private Boxes remain
for purchase at the Box Office from £5 5s. each. Subscriptions in aid of the
Fund may be paid to Mr. E. Ledger, "Era" Office, Wellington-street, W.C.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. HARE and Mr.
KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a
New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled
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lieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey,
THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Nott,
Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh,
Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—
Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

DRURY LANE.—HENRY V. Last nights,
terminating Saturday, Dec. 6th, in consequence of the Production
of the pantomime, HENRY V., Mr. George Rignold each evening, at 7.45.
Preceded at 7 by THAT RASCAL PAT. Friday, Dec. 5, Benefit of Mr.
George Rignold, when he will appear as Henry V. and William, in Douglas
Jerold's nautical drama, BLACK EYED SUSAN. Saturday, Dec. 6, last
night of Autumn Season. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
First Nights of a new burlesque by E. C. Burnand, called ROBBING
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ances every Saturday at 2.30.

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genuine Criterion success. 100th Night, Saturday, November 29.
Every Evening, at 9, the new Comedy in three acts, adapted
from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The
Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which
Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and
W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude
Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED,
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7.30, HOME FOR HOME. To be followed at Eight by James
Albery's successful comedy, TWO ROSES (472nd and following nights).
Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, by F. Hay. Supported by Messrs.
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the performances will commence at 7, with the drama of EAST LYNNE.
After which, at 8.45, will be performed the successful drama of NICHOLAS
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at 8.30, COURTSHIP; or THE THREE CASKETS, comedy in three
acts, by H. J. Byron. Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson Barrett, H.
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For a limited number of nights, LEAH. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe)
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THE WEDDING. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 10.30. Places may be
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the entire Company. At 10 ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Mr. J. L.
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ganza in 5 scenes, entitled BALLOONACY, OR A FLIGHT OF FANCY,
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Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, Philip Day, H. Astley, H. Saker, Wilkinson,
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that the Midland Railway Company make every arrangement for the con-
venient and careful transit of exhibits to and from the show. Special
through vans will be run where necessary, from Carlisle, Bradford, Leeds,
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ments will be made for delivering dogs at the Curzon Hall, and fetching them
any way at the close of the show. The company's representatives in
Birmingham will give every information to exhibitors as to the return
journey, for which suitable arrangements will be made.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, Nov., 1879.

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CASTALIA	Dec. 13	Dec. 17.
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Wesner, Adams, Newham. Wednesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Morning Performances
every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.
and 5s.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THERE may possibly be some occasional jealousy amongst actors—it has been hinted that one or two other existing professions are not totally free from this failing—but of kindness and charity shown by actors and actresses we now and then have pleasant proofs, and the benefit now being organised for William Belford is a notable example. For Mr. Irving to re-learn and rehearse Digby Grant in the *Two Roses*, a part he must have forgotten long ago, is no small thing. Miss Ellen Terry cordially offered to play anything that might be found for her; and the latest news is that Mrs. Bancroft expresses her willingness to help in any way, and if the part of Mrs. Bardell or Mrs. Cluppins be vacant, to fill either of these not very important characters. Another instance of good taste and kindness comes from that admirable comedian, Mr. George Honey, the original Our Mr. Jenkins. The Committee, under the impression that Mr. Honey would not find it convenient to fill the character he had formerly played with such delightful humour, begged Mr. Honey's successor, Mr. David James, to accept it. But it appears that the original Jenkins will be in town and disengaged, and Our Mr. Jenkins being provided for, the genial comedian kindly undertakes to be a juror in the Pickwick Trial Scene. I have only heard of one instance of contemptible vanity in the whole business, and that is on the part of a comedian, of very ordinary abilities, who was honoured by being offered the second best part in the Trial Scene, and who refused it—rumour maintains, let us hope, incorrectly—on the ground that it was unworthy of his transcendent genius. Now when it is seen that so splendid a comedian as Mr. Arthur Cecil plays the much inferior "part" of the Judge, that an actor of Mr. Kendal's position is satisfied to appear as Snodgrass, that such men as Messrs. Bancroft, Hare, Byron, Hermann Vezin, H.B. Conway, &c., play jurors who have not a word to say—or not more than one, for I believe they will all have to reply "Here," and that they are hard at work studying—I do not think that this haughty genius appears in a very engaging light. And as an immeasurably better man has been found for the rejected part—which is only one of Charles Dickens's most humorous creations—the performance may possibly, by the aid of the actors and actresses enumerated, survive the refusal.

THOSE who wish to be present at the "Belford Benefit" should lose no time in securing seats, for some parts of the house are actually full, and others are filling rapidly. The prices are from half-a-crown upwards, and seats may be taken—so long as there are any left to take—at the Lyceum. The cause is a most deserving one. It is by no fault of his own that Mr. William Belford has fallen upon hard times; all playgoers owe him much for amusement afforded them in the past; and he has borne ill fortune with noble patience and resignation. For the rest, I refer readers to the cast. A glance at that will soon convince them that the occasion is not one to be missed.

THERE was once, and it was not very long ago, a young musician who had composed an air of which he secretly entertained a very high opinion, as being melodious, delicately, and at the same time quaintly, scored for the piano, and, of course, undoubtedly original. Having quite finished it, he one day played it over to a musical friend who happened to be passing the afternoon with him. The composer did not say, "Listen to what I have just composed," but while seated at the piano chatting and striking chords, he shily let his fingers glide into the melody, proposing to ask his friend how he liked it when it was finished. But, to his delight, his friend soon interrupted with this shrewd and searching criticism, "How very pretty that is!" "Do you think so?" the composer answered, concealing his rapture; and before he could add deprecatingly, "A little thing that came into my head the other day," the friend continued, "Very pretty! I've always liked that air!"

SOCIETY journalism is progressing—though Mr. Justice Field's address on Monday must have caused a flutter in some of the dove-cotes—and the point it has at present

reached is the recital of the number of under garments which have been purchased by a young lady on the eve of her marriage. *Truth* has the privilege of publishing statistics on this most delicate and interesting question—so thoroughly well suited for public discussion in the columns of a newspaper. And yet there are found captious, carping critics, who protest that the tone of journalism is not elevated by these papers! Doubtless *Truth* will tell us something about the amount of the washing bills if we wait patiently. How thankful we should be that English papers are above that prurient, nasty-minded spying into private matters which disgraces the lower portions of the American press.

A GENTLEMAN has written a letter explaining how he saw a fusee burning on the top of a race-stand, and was moved by the incident to back a horse called Fire King; and as the circumstance may influence other people to keep their eyes open and look for indirect tips, here are two circumstances which have a bearing on the subject. Last year a gentleman, while looking over the names of promising entries for the Goodwood Stakes, was attracted by the name of Norwich. He was soon to be married, and his future wife came from the neighbourhood of Norwich. He knocked a pen-knife from his desk, and, falling on a newspaper on the floor, it stuck upright in a paragraph about the "Norwich Musical Festival," and while debating on these coincides a letter arrived with the Norwich postmark. Everything pointed to Norwich; he backed Norwich accordingly, and won. This year, before going to Goodwood, the same gentleman was considering whether any indirect tips would be vouchsafed to him, and told a friend the anecdote of last year. "Look out, and you're sure to have your tip all right!" his friend prophesied, when at the very moment there walked in a near relative of a peer whose name was borne by a horse in the race. "There you are," his friend observed, and within a few minutes came a letter from a well-known and popular coaching and military baronet, asking the waiter upon Fate to go down the river, and look over a training-ship in which the baronet in question was much interested; and this ship was christened after the peer whose name, as aforesaid, was borne by a prominent favourite in the race—Exmouth. Up to this point the story runs well enough. But the gentleman backed Exmouth, and Exmouth did not win.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has issued a wail—"verbally in a letter," to quote the young lady herself, the burden of which is as follows. Miss Hawk writes to say that she has been suffering from bronchitis—which is, I presume, a severe form of the more familiar bronchitis—and had feared that she would be unable to sing at the *Carmen* matinee on Saturday; and she sent notice of the fact to the management of Her Majesty's Opera. Mme Marie Rôze was thereupon begged to undertake, and she consented to fill the character of the heroine; but in the morning of the day in question Miss Hawk found that she could sing after all, and went to the theatre accordingly. "But," says Miss Hawk, "the direction had already printed the bills with Mme. Rôze-Mapleson as *Carmen* in the morning," and—as I think very properly—the Direction refused to have any more doubts or changes, so Mme. Rôze made a most successful *début* as the heroine of Bizet's admirable opera. The puzzling part of the business follows. "The Direction acknowledged verbally in a letter to me yesterday," Miss Hawk writes, "I cannot treat another artist with the gross injustice of taking away her part," this having been apparently the reply to an epistolary remark made *viva voce* by Miss Hawk. It can only be observed that Miss Hawk is very unfortunate indeed in falling ill at a moment when the Direction is able to show how excellently her place can be filled.

BIG as Archer's score of winning mounts is, he has during the season ridden less winners than during the three preceding years. In 1876 he was successful 207 times; in 1877, 218 times; in 1878, 229 times, and this year his figures amount to 199—a splendid average, however, being more than one race in three tries. Greaves makes a noticeable jump from one in 1877 to eight last year, and 47 during the last season. Lemaire, on the other hand, has dropped from 63 to 38; C. Wood's 89 is just 50 ahead of his last year's score, and for steady increase of success T. Cannon is remarkable. During the last six years his figures have been—37, 47, 52, 64, 68, and 85. Luke has jumped from 16 in 1877 to 26 in 1878, and 68 in 1879. Archer's average is far away the best; though, as has been already pointed out, his mounts on horses that would have been favourites without his aid were very numerous.

THE *Bath Herald*, an excellent provincial paper, puts into words the following ideas, which must have occurred to a great many people:—"Mr. Labouchere," this journal says, "is committing the grave mistake of growing a little tiresome. It is enough that every week in the pages of his own journal he should set forth his own exceeding cleverness and the stupidity and meanness of others. But to have him breaking out in all the courts of law like an attack of intermittent fever is something more than can be borne in patience. He is growing to be in the higher courts of law what Mrs. Progers or the Marquis Townshend was in the police courts. He, like them, is always being had up or having someone up, and also, like them, he always fights for a 'principle.' This, in the circumstances, was at the outset a good enough joke, but it palls by repetition. Mr. Labouchere is becoming a bore, a fact of which we have the right to expect that so acute a man should take note."

CAPTAIN BOYTON made a slight mistake the other day. He is going from New York to California, and on being asked whether he expected to meet Webb there replied in the negative, for Webb, he said, had gone back to England; and having decided this point to his entire satisfaction, he proceeded to entertain the reporter with his private ideas of Webb as a man and a swimmer. These were not on the

whole complimentary; indeed, he went so far as to hint that the absent Webb was a fraud. "Although he has the credit of doing it," said Admiral Boyton, "I don't believe Webb ever swam across the English Channel. The representatives of the press were supposed to be with him, but they were in a sailboat, on ahead, most of the time, while Webb's cousin accompanied him in a rowboat. I think a man who is capable of winning a swimming match by running on the beach, as he did at Nantasket, would not hesitate to lie down in the bottom of a boat for an hour or two." Boyton, however, was much surprised—perhaps even more than he was pleased—to find that Webb had not returned to England, but, on the contrary, was well within hail and ready to answer for himself. Webb simply says that if Boyton wants a fair and square swimming match, as he earnestly protests, his desires can be accommodated when and where he pleases; and with reference to the Channel swim, Webb only asks whether Boyton cares to bet him 5,000 dollars to 1,000 that he will not do it again, with Boyton as umpire. On the whole, it would not be strictly accurate to say that Boyton had the best of it.

IN commenting upon Sir Henry Thompson's invaluable warning against the dangers of drinking-water in foreign towns—and in many of our own—the *Times* rather pooh-poohs the warning on the ground that "men, after all is said, can only die once." Quite so; but that is just exactly the very reason why they are so anxious to postpone the occasion as long as possible. If men could keep on dying several times they would learn by degrees to avoid poisonous water containing the germs of typhoid. It is the very circumstance of their only dying once which should make them eager to accept Sir Henry's advice.

RAPIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN BILLIARD TOURNAMENT AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—There is no doubt that the exceedingly cold weather of the past few days has had an adverse effect upon the billiard table we fitted up for the recent Aquarium tournament, and our object therefore in writing to you is to correct an impression which is conveyed by your report that the construction of the table is at fault, for the complaint is owing entirely to an utter absence of proper means for heating the room, which has allowed the cold to slightly harden the cushions, and the damp to penetrate the cloth. We consider it due to ourselves to state that on two former occasions the same complaint was made from the same cause. To show that there is no inherent defect in the construction of this table, we (for the match which took place last night between Bennett and Mitchell) by simply warming the cushions put them in perfect order, and the table was restored to its original condition. It was remarked by one of the players (Mitchell) that it was then almost too fast for his play. We may further call attention to the fact that the play during the week has been far above the average, all the players having reached, if not surpassed, their previous performances at similar entertainments, and we think such breaks as J. Bennett, 142 and 244; F. Bennett, 121 (all round); Collins, 255; Mitchell, 148 and 239, go far to prove that the table was not at fault, and only needed ordinary care and attention to have made it as satisfactory as it was last evening.

It may not be out of place here to remark that the difficulties experienced in keeping billiard cushions in proper playing order, can be obviated by using those fitted with india-rubber specially prepared by us to resist cold, and cushions so constructed are always ready for use whatever the temperature of the room. These cushions have been made by us for years, and consequently many hundreds have been supplied to private houses and provincial clubs, and we believe that such is the accuracy and speed which have been attained, that they are quite suitable for all tables, whether for public or private use, and that the day is not far distant when the existing prejudice will be overcome, and they will be universally used in this country.—Yours, &c.

BURROUGHS AND WATTS.

Soho-square, London, November 26, 1879.

"THE MOURNING MUSE."

SIR,—Permit me state that the marble statue, "The Mourning Muse," by Robert Cauer, represented in your last issue as erected in the cathedral at Mainz, is placed as a monument in the cemetery of that city on the grave of Frau Commercieurath Schrott, a lady who was a munificent patron of art, and whose death the mourning muse is represented as bewailing.—I am, &c.,

GUSTAV HIESCH.

Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, Nov. 23, 1879.

ANOTHER very unfavourable day for out-door sports only tempted four members to the Gun Club, Notting Hill, on Wednesday, when Mr. T. G. Freke and Mr. Wallace commenced proceedings with a match for £5, which was won by Mr. T. G. Freke. M. Elsen then joined in a sweepstakes of £1 each, three birds each, which resulted in a division between M. Elsen (27) and Mr. Wallace (30), after killing five each. The three members then shot a sweepstakes of £2 each. M. Elsen and Mr. Wallace divided, after stopping four each. Four handicap sweepstakes of £1 each were then shot. Mr. Freke won the first, and shared the second with Mr. Wallace; the latter gentleman divided the third with M. Elsen, and the last was also placed to the credit of M. Elsen. Mr. Jennings (25) shot in a sweepstakes, but failed to secure a prize.

On Wednesday evening the Windsor Strollers gave their 20th annual performance at the Theatre Royal Windsor, which was filled by a large select audience. The entertainment opened with *Son of the Soil*, a romantic play in four acts, by Herman C. Merivale, the cast for which included the names of Sir C. Young, Lieutenant-Colonel Mildmay, Major Hughes-Hallett, the Hon. F. Henley, Mr. De B. Holmes, Mrs. Monckton, Mrs. Onslow, Miss Helmore, Mr. P. de Colnaghi, and Mr. E. Bingham. The concluding piece was *Poor Pilchoddy*, a farce, in one act, by Mr. J. M. Morton, the parts in this being allotted to the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley, Messrs. Twiss and Gooch, Miss Helmore, and Mrs. Onslow. During the evening the orchestra, under Mr. C. Woodhouse, played selections of music from *Chilperic*, *Les Sirenes*, *H.M.S. Pinafore* and other popular arrangements.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE "autumnal season of Italian Opera" at Her Majesty's Theatre will close to-night; and on Monday next the "winter season" will commence. So far as temperature is concerned, the autumn and winter seasons will probably be—like Cæsar

and Pompey—"berry much alike," and we may expect the usual crop of disasters for managers who have to rely on exotic vocalists, untrained to find nourishment in London fogs. During the autumnal season Mr. Henry Mapleson and Mr. Armit have been frequently afflicted by the sudden indispositions of leading singers, but the resources of Her Majesty's Opera have enabled those active managers to find substitutes at every emergency, and on most occasions such substitutes have been acceptable.

Let us hope that the staff of Her Majesty's Opera may be enabled to contend successfully with our cruel climate, and may be able to bear the fatigue of rehearsing Wagner's *Rienzi*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and the other works promised in the prospectus of the autumn season, and still awaited.

The revival of Weber's *Oberon*, last week, was one of the most interesting events of the season. The cast included Mme Pappenheim (Rezia), Mme. Trebelli (Fatima), Mlle. Stelzner



FALSTAFF AND MRS. FORD.

(the Mermaid), Mlle. Barnadelli (Puck), MM. Carrion (Sir Huon), Pantaleoni (Scherasmin), Zoboli (Babakan), and Pyatt (the Caliph), with Signor Li Calsi as conductor.

For Mme. Pappenheim we have nothing but praise. Her acting was dignified and graceful, and her vocalisation was admirable, especially in the trying scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," in which she elicited enthusiastic applause. She is, beyond question, the only dramatic soprano worthy to tread in

the footsteps of Mlle. Titiens, and her voice appears to gain in richness and power every season. Mme. Trebelli successfully repeated her charming impersonation of Fatima, and Mlle. Stelzner and Barnadelli were efficient representatives of the Mermaid and of Puck. Owing to the illness of Signor Frapoli, the rôle of Sir Huon was assigned to Signor Carrion, for whom considerable allowance must under the circumstances be made. He sang ably, but his weak light tenor voice rendered him an

unsuitable representative of a part which taxes the powers of the strongest *tenori robusti*. Signor Pantaleoni, as Scherasmin, sang and acted with taste and spirit, and the minor rôles were efficiently filled. The choruses were not well sung, and on this, as on former occasions, it was evident that the choral department is the weak part in the arrangements of the season. It is probably too late now to make better arrangements in this important department; but the management will incur serious

blame should the chorus engaged for the autumnal season of 1880 prove as unsatisfactory as that of the current season. Mr. Mapleson has established a school for ballet-dancers at Her Majesty's Opera, and it would probably be still better worth his while to train a body of fresh-voiced chorus singers, attached to Her Majesty's Opera for a term of years on mutually advantageous conditions. The band did justice to the superb orchestration, and the overture was well played, under the skilful direction of Signor Li Calsi.

Il Flauto Magico was produced on Wednesday last, too late for notice this week. The cast included Mme. Marie Roze (Pamina), Mme. Ilma di Murska (Astrifiamante), Mme. Sinico (Papagena), Signori Frapoli (Tamino), Pantaleoni (Papageno), and Mr. Conly, the new American basso, as Sarastro. Conductor, Signor Li Calsi.

The other performances recently given have been repetitions of works produced earlier in the season, respecting which detailed criticism is unnecessary. Some variations have been made in the distribution of characters; the most notable being the impersonations of Aida by Mme. Pappenheim, and of Carmen by Mme. Marie Roze. For this day's *matinée* *Mignon* is announced, with the previous cast, and for this evening *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Pappenheim as Elsa and Mme. Sinico as Ortrudo. Next week *Faust*, *Oberon*, *Mignon*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, and *Aida* will be repeated, and the season will probably extend to Saturday, December 20.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the Monday Popular Concert given at St. James's Hall on Monday last, the sextett in G major, by Brahms, was performed for the second time in this country. The executants, Madame Norman-Néruda and MM. Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, Piatti, and Pezze, did full justice to the work, but it proved as tedious as before, and failed to weaken the growing impression that Brahms, so far as creative power is concerned, is—to use an Americanism—"played out." In this sextett, as in his two symphonies, he shows himself to be a master of his craft, so far as technical skill is concerned; but scientific knowledge, and dexterity in combining instrumental parts, are not sufficient to ensure the gratification of listeners who thirst for enjoyment in the combination of skilful harmony with inspiring and original melody. The Haydn trio in D major, No. 21, with which the concert concluded, was a delightful specimen of the genial master who knew how to combine consummate technical skill with spontaneous melody, and the executants, Mme. Norman-Néruda, Mlle. Mehlig, and Signor Piatti, merited the hearty applause they elicited. For once, an English musician obtained a hearing at these concerts for a new work. The singularly fortunate composer was Mr. F. W. Davenport, and three well-written though not specially meritorious pieces saved by him for piano-forte and violoncello, and played by Mlle. Mehlig and Signor Piatti, were favourably received. How soon may we expect to hear some of the admirable chamber compositions of Mr. Henry Holmes? Miss Lillian Bailey was the vocalist, and won genuine and well-merited applause for her excellent renderings of airs by Handel, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. Sir Julius Benedict conducted in his usual masterly style.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

THE London Ballad Concerts given on Wednesday week and on Wednesday last attracted crowded audiences to St. James's Hall. Mr. John Boosey—following the course successfully pursued during the last twelve seasons—has engaged a number of the most distinguished amongst our native vocalists; but it may be remarked that a little variety in the *personnel* would be acceptable, and that room might occasionally be made for some of the meritorious vocalists, who, although deservedly successful elsewhere, have not yet been heard at the London Ballad Concerts. The story about "*toujours perdrix!*" should be borne in mind. Among the artists engaged are Mlles. Mary Davies, Rose Stuart, and Butterworth, and Mme. Sterling, MM. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, Hollins, Maybrick, and Santley. The ever-welcome Arabella Goddard is a prominent attraction; the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr. F. Walker, have contributed glees, madrigals, and part songs, admirably executed, and the accompaniments have been ably played by

MM. Sidney Naylor and Henry Parker. Excepting that a few songs by foreign composers find their way into the programmes, the London Ballad Concerts may be regarded as the most thoroughly national of our existing musical institutions, and their continued success is a source of congratulation amongst English musicians.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Carmen has drawn large audiences to the Standard Theatre during the past week. The performances have been given under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, who some months back made arrangements with Mr. Carl Rosa for the use of Mr. Henry Hersee's English adaptation, produced in January last at Her Majesty's Theatre, and engaged Signor Leli for the part of José, in which he made his successful *début* in London at Her Majesty's Theatre. Continual practice in the provinces has thoroughly familiarised the artists with their respective and collective duties, and the performance of *Carmen* at the Standard has been highly meritorious. Miss Emily Soldene, as Carmen, appeared to give much satisfaction to the audience. Signor Leli's voice has gained increased power, and a better José could scarcely be found. Miss Rose Stella (Micaela), Miss Clara Vesey (Mercedes), Mr. E. Farley (Escamillo), Mr. Wallace (Dancaïro), and Mr. E. Marshall (Remendado) acquit themselves well, and the instrumental effects are ably developed by an excellent band.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company appear to have made a great success in Goetz's comic opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, adapted to the English stage by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. The Manchester journals speak in high praise of the manner in which the opera was produced, and of the ability shown by Miss Gaylord, Miss Burns, Mr. Packard, and Mr. Walter Bolton, who—with Mr. Carl Rosa—were called before the curtain, and warmly applauded. This opera will be one of the leading attractions at Her Majesty's in the ensuing season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The annual Scotch Ballad Concert will take place this (Saturday) evening at St. James's Hall, and the attractions put forth by the enterprising manager will doubtless as usual try the capacity of the hall to its utmost. Amongst the artists announced to take part in the concert are the following:—Mrs. Osgood, Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick.

Mr. F. H. Cowen has engaged Mme. Trebelli, Mrs. Osgood, Mr. Shakespeare, Signor Zoboli, and M. Musin, the celebrated violinist, for a short provincial tour to commence soon after Christmas. Mr. Cowen will accompany the party, and take part in the performances.

DRAMA.

GAIETY THEATRE.

A NEW comedy by Mr. Dubourg, the joint author with Mr.

Tom Taylor of *New Men and Old Acres*, was produced at a *matinée* at the Gaiety last Saturday. This play, which is entitled *Just Like a Woman*, cannot be said to be worthy of Mr. Dubourg's reputation. It is weak in construction, nor is the dialogue so good as we might reasonably expect from him. There are two stories in the piece, but they are not sufficiently welded together, and it leaves us with a sense of incompleteness and clumsiness. We are introduced to Mr. Topham Lyster, a henpecked Member of Parliament, whose wife and daughter Aurora are devoted to the cause of women's rights, while another daughter, Ethel, is represented as an incurable coquette. She is engaged to a young man named Frank Latimer, but flirts outrageously with Mr. Lyster's brother-member, Delamere, because it seems she is in love with a friend of Frank's, a heavy barrister named Westby, who has known her from a child, and who is addressed by her with exasperating frequency as "Carlo Magno." It appears further that Aurora Lyster is also in love with Frank, in spite of her declamations concerning women's rights, and thus all the young people are at cross purposes. But the story of the play has also a comic side. It seems that Mrs. Lyster has encouraged a hideously vulgar local grocer, named Sweetapple, because he has influence in the



MR. HENRY MAPLESON.

THE Blackheath Orchestral and Choral Society—one of the most flourishing amongst our suburban musical institutions—has resumed its operations under the sole direction of Mr. Alfred Burnett. The first private amateur concert of the season was given yesterday week with great success. The singing of Miss Latter, Miss Hughes, Mr. North Home, and Mr. W. Webster, jun., elicited well-earned applause from the large audience, and the choir and band executed some well-chosen selections in a style which reflected credit on the training powers of Mr. Alfred Burnett. The performance by Mr. H. Robinson of two pianoforte solos, "The Lake," and "Rondo piacevole" (Sterndale Bennett) was highly meritorious.

At the Albert Hall this evening a Scottish Concert will be given, in which Mmes. Sherrington and Sterling, MM. Vernon Rigby, Hollins, Ghilberti, and other artists will take part.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's 48th season (and its last in Exeter Hall) will commence on Friday next, when Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* will be given—with the aid of Mme. Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Bridson, and other artists—under the direction of Sir Michael Costa.

MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN will be married to-day (Saturday) to Miss Hume, of Edinburgh, of whose beauty and accomplishments report speaks highly.

MR. C. A. DRAKE, the chairman of the Comedy-Opera Company (Limited), is now in Holland making arrangements for the production of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *Marigold* at some of the principal theatres in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp.

neighbourhood, and that individual has brought both himself and his patroness within the grasp of the law for bribery at the election. A very amusing incident occurs where Sweetapple, having promoted a testimonial to himself, finds that he is ten pounds short, and that the heartless jeweller's man, Potbury, will not leave it until the money is paid; finally carrying it off in triumph just after it has been presented to the patriotic grocer. At the end of the play the lovers pair off happily. Frank finds out that he cares for Aurora, Ethel captures Westby, and also helps her father and mother out of the electioneering difficulties into which they have been led by the designing Sweetapple. By far the best part of the piece is the kind of interpolated farce where Sweetapple receives the testimonial. Mr. Kemble rather exaggerated the part of the grocer, but was capitally made up. Mr. Macklin, as the well Member of Parliament, made a most amusing unconnected speech very cleverly, and Mr. Maclean was genuinely humorous as Topham Lyster, who is obliged to say civil things of Sweetapple, doing so with a *sotto voce* accompaniment of hearty execrations on the unsuspecting patriot. Mr. Arthur Wood was admirable as Potbury, the silversmith's man, giving us as clever a bit of character acting as has been of late on the London stage. Mr. Charles Kelly was Westby, but was suffering too much from hoarseness to do justice to the character, though it must be said that the author has made "Carlo Magno" a bit of a prig. Miss Willes played Aurora brightly and neatly, and Mrs. Chippendale's incisive style made Mrs.

Lyster stand out as a prominent character in the piece. Miss Measor, a young lady new to the stage, essayed the part of Ethel Lyster, and acted with a certain amount of intelligence. But she was too restless and ill at ease, overdid her facial expression, probably from nervousness, and has a great deal yet to learn before she can be trusted to play leading parts. *Just Like a Woman* was fairly received, but the author can, we think, give us more satisfactory stage work. It will be repeated at a *Gaiety matinee* this afternoon.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

THE farewell revival of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre commenced on Saturday night, when a brilliant audience assembled to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft back to the boards on which they have scored so many triumphs. Very appropriately, too, does the present management conclude its tenure of the little house in Tottenham-street by the production of one of the pieces which first made it famous, and it is well that our last remembrance of the Prince of Wales's, under the genial sway of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, should be associated not with a sickly adaptation from the French, but with one of the pure and pleasant comedies of Tom Robertson. *Ours* never went better, and it was received with an enthusiasm rare within the walls of a theatre where applause is but sparingly heard, and that only when thoroughly well deserved. Mr. Bancroft was of course Hugh Chalcot, a part he has thoroughly made his own, and never was the cynical good fellow portrayed with neater touches, and at the same time more thorough breadth of effect. The business in the last act was elaborated very amusingly indeed. Mr. Conway played in an earnest and manly fashion as Angus Macalister, and looked the young soldier to the life, and Mr. Kemble gave a commendably quiet and effective performance of Sir Alexander Shendryn. Mr. Forbes-Robertson was a satisfactory Sergeant Jones, and the mention of the famous twins provoked as much laughter as of old. Mr. Arthur Cecil's careful art made Prince Perovsky stand out with much individuality, and the small part of Captain Samprey was effectively filled by Mr. Deane. Miss Marion Terry has played nothing better than her Blanche Haye. It was an impersonation full of delicacy and refinement, thoroughly natural, and at times infinitely pathetic; the part, indeed, could hardly have had a more efficient representative. Miss Le Thiere played Lady Shendryn with due effect, and then we come to a lady whom the reader must have wondered not to have been mentioned before, Mrs. Bancroft, or rather we ought to say Mary Netley, for here was the favourite of the early days of *Ours* as bright and as piquant as ever. How saucily she answered Hugh Chalcot, how full of humour was her manner to Lady Shendryn, how pleasant and sisterly her attitude to Blanche, how she enjoyed Sergeant Jones, how bravely she held her hands over the muzzle of the musket to prevent its going off when, as she told Blanche, she felt something moving inside, with what spirit she made the immortal "role-y-pole-y" pudding! No wonder it completely finished Hugh, and brought him to his knees at the feet of such a witch. Truly, *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit*—the ancient quotation must be forgiven concerning such an actress; but of all Mrs. Bancroft does on the stage there is nothing more delightful or fuller of high comedy than her Mary Netley. *Ours* was enthusiastically received, and no one who cares to see a pleasant play perfectly performed should miss this farewell revival at the Prince of Wales's.

MR. TENNYSON'S one act piece, founded upon a story in the "Decameron," in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will play, will be given at the St. James's about Christmas.

Ballooney, a new burlesque by Messrs. Burnand and Stephens, will be produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday next. Mr. E. Solomon has supplied the original music.

A new play, entitled *Such a Good Man*, will be Mr. Hollingshead's opening piece at the Olympic.

William and Susan, suggested by *Black-eyed Susan*, in three acts, the first two by Mr. Wills, and the last being Douglas Jerrold's Trial Scene, is in rehearsal at the St. James's, and will be first produced at a *matinee*. This is a very curious experiment, and will be looked forward to with much interest.

MR. EDGAR BRUCE will, it is said, open at the Prince of Wales's with *Forget-me-Not*. Are there no new comedies to be found?

MR. TOOLE will play in *Dearer than Life* at the morning performance at the Folly this afternoon.

The Children's Pinafore, that is to say a representation of the famous comic opera in which all the characters will be taken by children, will be given during the Christmas season every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday morning. The first *matinee* takes place on Dec. 16th.

THE booking at the Lyceum is so enormous that all the best seats are taken up till Christmas. Who shall say now that Shakespeare, properly played, and that is the rub, spells ruin.

MISS BATEMAN will appear in *Leah* at New Sadler's Wells on Monday, Dec. 1st, for a limited number of nights prior to the production of the Christmas pantomime, which will deal with the good old story of *The Forty Thieves*, and which will doubtless be largely patronised.

Henry V. is drawing crowded houses at Drury Lane, and Mr. G. Rignold's vigorous declamation in the telling speeches, notably that commencing "Once more to the breach, dear friends," are received with much applause. The performance of this grand play cannot be given beyond the 6th of December, in consequence of the preparations for the pantomime.

THE AMATEURS.

THE HISTRIONIC SOCIETY, MANCHESTER.

THIS society gave its second performance at the Chorlton Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday evening, November 19. The pieces selected were *Charmis*, by Sir Charles Young, and *A Little Change*. For a new society to undertake *Charmis* argues either vaulting ambition or an unassuming confidence in its powers; for there are many characters in the piece, all of whom require skilful handling; it would be tame unless the situations were all strongly brought out, and there is beneath the indispensable smoothness vigorous "go." It is only necessary to say that *Charmis* proved in the hands of the Histrionic Society a complete success. In only one scene was there any slowness, nor did the actors once get, as is so often the case with amateurs, mixed up on the stage, although the little platform that had to answer for that purpose was in several scenes uncomfortably full of people. The Marchesa di Toriano is a difficult part for even an accomplished actress to undertake, but Mrs. Ross played it with ladylike ease and a thorough mastery of the character in all its details, and completely entered into the spirit of the bold and adventurous woman, whose better nature yet lived, although perverted. Mrs. Ross was natural where many would have given way to exaggeration. The Misses Miles, as Lady Glendinning and the vulgar Mrs. Pudsey Todd, played with much ease and vivacity. Laura Glendinning was exceedingly well acted by Miss Scott, and without any effort. Miss Gough needs more voice, but was, notwithstanding, a very

efficient Amy Bertram. Among the gentlemen Mr. Nelson's Count Rochjeune was a finely conceived and polished performance throughout. In dress and manner the successful gambler and adventurer, assuming the outward show of a gentleman, was vividly portrayed; and the scenes with the Marchesa would have won applause on any stage. In the most unobtrusive way, Mr. D. Anderson gave a capital sketch of Captain Rooker, unattached. The manners of a parson, and especially a cultured parson, are peculiar. Bland, yet firm; refined, yet hearty; a man of the Church, yet a thorough Englishman, he is impossible to imitate unless by great study. It is not the fault of Mr. Woodforde that he could not combine all these qualities in his acting, careful and painstaking though it was. Mr. Arthur Poole was at home in light comedy, and the manner in which he played Philip Frere did a great deal to ensure the success of the performance. It is astonishing how a piece is pulled through by a strong actor in a modest part, who does his own work well, and strives to assist all the rest. Mr. Poole's most successful scenes were when Frere renounces Arthur Medwyn's friendship when he tells how he got married, and when he delivered the final and decidedly stagey speech in a manner not only effective, but really natural. Mr. Frank Lee played the lover, Arthur Medwyn, with intelligence and force. In the earlier scenes certain peculiarities of manner lent aid to the portraiture of the inexperienced youth, but in the last act Medwyn has become an accomplished man of the world, and here Mr. Lee failed somewhat to give us the picture we wanted. The first interview with Amy, after Medwyn's recovery, required the most delicate handling, and the art of the experienced actor. It is praise to say Mr. Lee did not mar it. The minor parts of Sir Stephen Glendinning, the Hon. Henry Phyl, and Valentine Rose were efficiently rendered by Messrs. Haworth, Lowe, and Humphreys. The skit on our nearest watering-place, where the sea is seen once a month, and scarlet-fever and Christy Minstrels, weather and banjos, Lancashire swells and donkeys, young ladies and sand-hills, get inextricably mixed up, called *A Little Change*, was played with great spirit and a keen appreciation of the fun by the Misses Miles and Messrs. Poole, Dunnill, and Anderson. The professional band, under the control of Mr. John McKirley, was all that could be desired.

THE SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE acting members of the above club gave the closing performance of the ninth season on Friday, the 14th inst., the programme comprising *Our Bitterest Foe*, Wybert Reeve's comedy-drama in three acts, *Won at Last*, and *Chiselling*. In the first piece Messrs. H. Pagden and R. Daniel played the difficult parts of Von Rosenberg and Henri with the care and experience we might have expected from these gentlemen. In *Won at Last*, Mr. J. Atkinson's Jem Stead was a clever piece of character acting; in make-up, gesture, and voice the character was capitally hit off, and the crab-apple manner yet thoroughly good heart of the stud groom stood out in clear colours. As General Warburton and Fitzsmith Messrs. Pagden and Daniel were seen to greater advantage than in the opening piece; in fact, we think we have never seen them so well suited before. Mr. Pagden's dignified manner and Mr. Daniel's liveliness were alike natural and provocative of much applause. In the thankless part of Lieut. Warburton, Mr. D. Murray showed all the experience of a practised amateur, whilst Mr. H. Loyd played carefully a part quite out of his line. Mr. Rumsey's Wolff, the Jew bill-discounter, was irresistible, and, where, oh! where does this gentleman get those astonishing garments from, for they were a sight for gods and men to roar at? We regret to say we were obliged to leave without seeing this excellent low comedian in the farce that followed. Some very artistic furniture (lent for the occasion) graced the stage, and for the general completeness of the performance Mr. Nadin, the indefatigable stage-manager, deserves hearty thanks. We have nearly forgotten to mention the valuable assistance rendered by the professional ladies Mesdames Claremont, Tullock, and Villiers.

THE CONFUSION OF SALMONIDÆ.

THE confusion which prevails in respect to the classification, the proper nomenclature, and the precise distinctions of the various species of salmonidæ would be simply amusing if it did not occasionally furnish grounds for some imposition, and frequently prove a source of conscientious scruples. There should be little need, it might be imagined, to draw the picture of *Salmo salar* himself, the head of the great family; and yet his correct image is not so universally familiar but that a sewin in Wales or a bull-trout from the Tweed has not been often palmed off on an unwary purchaser as a genuine salmon. But it is during their infantine state that the perplexity first arises, which makes it most difficult to discriminate between the various families of salmonidæ up to the period of their maturity and full development. Though the growth of the salmon has been fully described from its ova to the largest captures on record, though the birth and development of the foetus to its complete form of a fish has been watched by naturalists, and although the new-born fish remain in their river nurseries for a year at least, and sometimes for a longer period; yet directly they begin to play about the river shallows, they get so mixed up in confusion with the young trout, parr, and other small fry, many of which are undoubtedly distinct from the true salmon, as to perplex the loyal scruples of many a conscientious angler and to defy the identification of many a river bailiff. Their very name is legion, and they are known as salmon pink or salmon fry, as hoppers or skeggers, as samlet or tecon, and as salmon parr or last-springs in different localities and at various times. Their distinguishing marks, too, are still undecided subjects of dispute; so that the law which seeks to protect them is hardly able to recognise its own wards in Chancery. So much, however, at least is certain: the newborn salmon, after its first change of form and colour, acquires its perfect and graceful shape at the end of the second month, and is then marked with a row of bright pink spots along its lateral line, and with those transverse bars of a bluish colour commonly known as finger marks. The regular appearance of these bands on its side has led to the erroneous conclusion that all fish which bear them can be nothing else than young salmon. But as the same marks are constant on the parr, and not uncommon on young troutlets and other species of the same family, they are a cause of confusion, rather than distinguishing signs of the true samlet. Neither does the young salmon retain these finger marks for so long a period as some other varieties of the same family; for during the summer months he puts on a new covering of finest silvery scales, which is termed his migratory coat, in preparation for his first trip to sea, under the title and dignity of a smolt. During their first year of infantine play in the river, these young samlets will rise freely to any sort of artificial fly, and cause mixed amusement and annoyance to the angler, on the gravelly shallows, where the spring trout also love to sport. This is the most troublesome period of confusion, while the young of the trout and the salmon so closely resemble each other that many anglers find it diffi-

cult to discriminate between them with any perfect certainty; and yet the one may be taken freely to furnish a legitimate and palatable dish, while the other is bound to be returned to the river under a penalty of £5. Nevertheless distinction is very simple and absolutely certain; and the loyal fisherman who would wish to uphold the dignity of the law, and return to the river every young scion of the royal breed, and at the same time to take his own lawful spoil, should disregard the delusive finger marks, and examine closely the adipose or posterior dorsal fin, which in the trout species is always fringed with a bright pink border, but in the salmon is all of one even light brown colour. In the later stage again, when the young fish has donned his migratory coat, the small silvery scales, which always come freely off the fish and adhere to the hand, furnish an obvious and palpable token of the true salmon.

At the end of his first year the young smolt may be said to have attained his majority, and in the youthful ardour of a handsome fish of about 4oz., ambitious to see the world, he drops down the river with the early spring floods, and makes his first trip to sea. Some few of them, indeed, remain in the river for a longer period, even to the end of their second year, during which time they make very little growth; but the larger portion who go to sea, and enjoy some three months of unknown wandering and mysterious feeding in the ocean, return invariably to their natal river, true as the needle to the pole; and appear again, after that short interval, increased in weight and bulk from some four ounces to as many pounds. This first return to their rivers inaugurates the second stage of salmon life, when the fish are termed grilse. But here, again, a new confusion, both in appellation and in distinguishing features, re-appears in the grilse stage; but this is more trifling and more easily dispelled than that of their samlet age. For the size of the grilse depends so much on the length of his sojourn in the sea, and on the size and breed of his parent stock, that although 4lbs. or 5lbs. may be named as a fair average weight, yet some of them occasionally run smaller, while others frequently exceed that size up to more than double. Then who can tell the difference between the largest grilse and the smallest of perfect salmon; or distinguish a grilse from the sewin of Wales, or from the mingled peal, truff, or sea-trout of fresh lakes, or of the Cornwall and Devonshire rivers? An experienced salmon fisher, indeed, will recognise a grilse, directly he is hooked, and before he shows himself to view, by that youthful impetuosity which causes him to fight with more dash and spirit at first, and with less resolution and perseverance after the struggle has lasted a short time. But the peculiar features and characteristics which distinguish a grilse from a salmon are easy of observation. Only regard the grilse as the striping representative of his aristocratic and handsome family, who has just made such rapid growth that the graceful lines of perfect symmetry have not yet been quite filled in, and you will observe that his coat of scales is less smooth, compact, and clean, his head somewhat heavier, and all his fins much larger and longer in proportion to his body than those of the mature fish; while his tail is still cleft with a deep fork, which will gradually fill up in his next year's growth, and almost disappear in the aged salmon. There is, however, one extra perplexity in Ireland, where the proper grilse is always designated a peal, which name is elsewhere the common appellation of a distinct and different fish.

The most prominent among the various species which have caused the confusion of salmonidæ are the peal, the sea-trout, and the sewin. All of these, it has been asserted by many, and still believed in various localities, are scions of the lordly race, and would in due time grow to perfect salmon. But the closer investigation of exports has demonstrated beyond doubt that each of them is a separate species, distinguished by certain perpetual differences in structure of body, head, and gills, and in the counted rays of fins and tail, which ordinary anglers might neither observe nor care to investigate. The true peal (*Salmo trutta*) is altogether distinct from the Irish grilse, which latter, however, still carries its confusing name across the Channel, and is sold as salmon peal in London shops. The peal proper is known under several names, and found in considerable abundance throughout the British Isles, and is said to be identical with the "hirling" of the Scotch side of Solway Firth, and with the "whiting" of the English side, by which name it is known also in the Eden and the Esk, though termed the "phinnock" in the North of Scotland, and a "silver-white" in the Tweed. It is familiar elsewhere, and especially in the South of England, under its proper name of "peal." Resembling the salmon in general appearance, they are distinguished by a shorter and a stouter head, a snout less slender, and a gape not so wide; but they differ altogether in their habits and in size. They occupy, in fact, just those dimensions, and fill up those weights, intermediate between the smolt and the grilse, which, being acquired by the salmon during their absence in the unknown depths of the ocean, are never presented to view in the true lordly race. They appear to forsake the main rivers and to seek smaller tributaries for the purpose of spawning, and, having got over that process rapidly, they drop down the stream and disappear into the sea before the spring fishing has commenced, so that the young fry or the spent fish are rarely seen in rivers. They are naturally a gregarious fish, averaging 14 inches in length and from three-quarters of a pound to two and a half pounds in weight, and approaching the coasts in June (when some of them are often caught in the mackerel nets), they run slowly up their rivers with every flood of water in July. They are said rather to seek the shallower streams, which salmon avoid, and generally to decrease in numbers proportionately as the salmon multiply; but in several of the rivers of Devon and Cornwall they thrive in social amity, and may be taken generally with a spinning minnow, but not uncommonly with an artificial fly, side by side and in the same river with the less abundant salmon.

The sea-trout again—whose Latin designation perhaps should be *Salmo trutta*; though this is doubtful—adds to the confusion, chiefly by the variety of his names, of grey-trout, belle-trout, pug-trout, or sea-truff; and by the delusive finger marks which he bears from his birth to his first emigration to sea. The silvery yearling fish, which yields such plentiful and exciting sport on the Connemara Lakes, can hardly be mistaken for any other species of the salmonidæ; but he is easily confused with the peal in any rivers where they come together. They are spread very irregularly over the United Kingdom, but are most plentiful in the North of England rivers, in parts of Scotland, and especially in Ireland. They may be said to average from one to three pounds, with a strong preponderance towards the smaller size; but they have been known to reach up to sixteen pounds, and to have been sold as salmon. The cooked fish has a pink tinge and a delicate flavour, but lacks the creamy richness of the true salmon. He is a splendid fish for sport, taking the fly freely, and fighting with thoroughbred pluck, and when first hooked he will run out line, and then take one or two springs of four or five feet straight upwards, in a fashion peculiar to himself, and resembled by no other fish, except, perhaps, his Welsh cousin, the sewin.

The sewin (*Salmo Cambrius*) is, as his distinguishing appellation imports, a fish peculiar to Wales. He is, indeed, so staunch a patriot that, though his sea voyages must take him into the

Bristol Channel, and past the estuaries of many inviting salmon rivers, he has never been known to run up one of them out of his native land. The fish itself is said to be of so delicate a structure that it cannot be conveyed without deterioration to the London market, and consequently is little known. He resembles the sea trout much more than the salmon, not only in appearance, but more especially in his habits, and in his sporting capabilities and peculiarities. In similar fashion he spawns early and goes out to see with his young progeny. These young sewin, dropping down the river during March in company with the salmon smolt, a year older, might easily be mistaken from their appearance, and can be distinguished only by their size. The sewin is said to attain the weight of twelve, or even sixteen pounds, but half that size is much more common; and eight pounds might, perhaps, be deemed a high average. Though one glance at the stout head, deep body, and larger eyes, or, above all, at the long anal fin, extending to, and almost joining the tail, ought to be sufficient to distinguish a sewin from a salmon; yet inquire at any fish shop in Wales as to the breed and parentage of any sewin exposed for sale, and it would be a very good bet to book that the answer would be, "that it is a young salmon."

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE Twentieth Annual Exhibition of this Society will be held, as usual, in the Curzon Exhibition Hall, Birmingham, on Monday next, December 1st, and three following days.

The applications for space have been larger this year than ever before, notwithstanding that the entrance-fee was raised last year, and nothing can show more clearly the interest taken in this, the first and leading exhibition of its kind in England, than that the above spacious hall should be crowded with exhibits, and a number should have to be returned for want of space.

All the principal breeders and exhibitors will again submit their best specimens to be adjudicated upon and for the inspection of the public, and, as is usually the case, all the principal prize takers of the year will here meet, to decide who shall hold the premier place of the year in their respective breeds.

Amongst other noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies exhibiting, are His Serene Highness Prince Solms, in the St. Bernard class; His Grace the Duke of Westminster, the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, who exhibits a pack of Harriers; the Right Hon. the Lady Emily Peel exhibits the Russian Wolf Dog which attracted so much attention two years ago; the Right Hon. Viscount Fielding, Lady Isham, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, Sir G. Prescott, Sir Wm. Verner, Capt. the Hon. Everard Digby, the Hon. H. S. Finch-Hatton, and S. E. Shirley, Esq., M.P.

The Foreign Entries are, as usual, of a very varied character—Poodles, Norwegian Sheep Dogs, Chinese Lion Dogs, Russian Spaniels and Retrievers being amongst the number. Capt. Hartshorne, of the now famous "Kelat-i-Gilzie" Regiment, exhibits a dog from Kandahar, the only one of its kind ever brought to Europe, which he intends to present to Her Majesty.

The pens heretofore allotted to the Mastiffs, St. Bernards, and Sheep Dogs have been enlarged, and will afford better accommodation for these noble animals than on previous occasions.

A feature of this year's show will be an exhibition of guns and sporting implements, for the reception of which a temporary gallery has been thrown across the floor. The leading gun-makers in the town have made application for space and will exhibit.

The judging takes place on Saturday next, in private, as usual.

The following is a comparative statement of the number of entries in the various classes for the present and the two preceding years. It must be borne in mind that the committee limit the number to 975, all beyond this number being returned:

	1877.	1878.	1879.
Blood Hounds	11	11	8
Deer Hounds	30	25	10
Greyhounds	19	21	21
Otter Hounds	2	4	2
Harriers	8	5	12
Beagles	4	9	9
Fox Terriers	118	110	96
Pointers	75	68	62
English Setters	50	41	49
Black-and-tan Setters	29	31	21
Irish Setters	28	21	27
Retrievers	62	52	54
Irish Spaniels	7	6	8
Water Spaniels (not Irish)	11	7	6
Clumber Spaniels	11	9	19
Sussex Spaniels	12	13	17
Spaniels (Black)	26	39	18
Ditto (other than Black)	11	1	22
Dachshunds	22	27	24
Foreign Sporting Dogs	3	8	3
Mastiffs	41	43	38
St. Bernards	41	40	34
Newfoundlands	14	18	10
Sheep Dogs	68	78	96
Dalmatians	11	7	8
Bull Dogs	35	38	37
Bull Terriers	31	32	38
Smooth-haired Terriers	14	11	17
Black-and-Tan Terriers (large)	21	21	16
Small ditto	14	9	13
Skye Terriers	17	13	9
Dandie Dimonts	24	18	22
Bedlington Terriers	10	17	18
Irish Terriers	—	12	15
Wire-haired Terriers	30	25	24
Broken-haired Terriers	4	1	—
Yorkshire Terriers	2	4	5
Pomeranians	10	15	4
Pugs	31	26	34
Maltese	4	7	3
Italian Greyhounds	5	10	7
Blenheim Spaniels	5	3	8
King Charles Spaniels	5	3	8
Smooth-haired Toy Terriers	11	4	10
Broken-haired ditto	7	5	5
Large-sized Foreign Dogs	5	6	6
Small-sized ditto	1	2	2
	1,000	975	975

DURING a performance at a travelling exhibition at Yeovil Fair, on Saturday, a large snake escaped from its box, and made its appearance on the stage, facing the people with head erect. The audience shrieked with fear, and the snake fortunately passed to the rear of the stage, where was fastened up a bear. Bruin, with a growl, snapped his bonds, and immediately gave battle to the snake, biting it severely. The proprietors quickly secured the combatants.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK IN FRANCE.—At the Tattersall Francais in the Rue Beaujon, Paris, on Saturday, drafts of blood stock from a variety of stables and owners were offered for sale, but in most instances only small prices were realised. Those that fetched most money were:—Seville (2 yrs), by Don Carlos out of Reine de Saba, £532; Senateur (4 yrs), by Royal Quard Meme out of Clarinette, £340; St. Sever (yearling), by Trocadero out of Reine de Saba, £244; Bouvines (2 yrs), by Trocadero out of Bohemienne, £204; Virginie II. (3 yrs), by Revigny out of Fornarina, £164; and Geometrie (3 yrs), by Ruy Blas out of Gitanella, £150. In all thirty-one lots realised £2,719, an average of rather over £87 14s. each.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS LUCY WILLIAMS.

THE young lady whose portrait we give this week is comparatively a novice on the professional stage, though a good deal of experience as an amateur, and an innate aptitude for the work she has undertaken, entirely overcame the usual *gaucherie* of the *débütante*. There could, indeed, be no better proof of her ability than the fact of her engagement at St. George's Hall, where she is now appearing in Mr. Gilbert à Beckett's highly and deservedly successful piece, *The Pirate's Home*; for Mr. Corney Grain is no less good as a judge than as an executant, and, having once pronounced that a young lady is fit for a place in the clever little company over which he presides in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Reed, something more than promise may be looked for in the object of his selection. Miss Lucy Williams has a pleasant voice, of considerable compass, and has been well taught, principally by Mr. Edwin Holland, whose services as a master are of much higher value than those of many whose names are better known to the outside world. When it is added that Miss Williams is a *protégée* of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a great deal will have been said of a clever and agreeable young vocalist.

MR. HENRY MAPLESON.

MR. HENRY MAPLESON, who is at present *locum tenens* for his father at Her Majesty's Opera, was born in London, February, 1852, and after a course of schooling in Essex, studied at Bonn University. He was intended for commercial pursuits, and for several years filled clerkships in Liverpool and London houses, after which he proceeded to New York, and while serving the firm of Henderson Brothers was requested by Mlle. Titiens to arrange the details of her American tour. His success in this sort of business—which is much more difficult than those who have not tried it would believe—induced Mr. Henry Mapleson to abandon commerce in favour of operatic management; and sometimes for himself, sometimes on behalf of his father, he has piloted companies through the States and throughout England. Of his own company Mme. Marie Rôze was the bright particular star, and not very long ago the accomplished *prima donna* became Mrs. Henry Mapleson. The subject of our illustration is known to all interested in operatic matters as a most energetic and skilful *impresario*.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

"YES, but isn't it hard lines?" says a friend, as he turns over a portfolio of Mr. Sturgess' drawings, and reflects upon the fact that even thus early in the year, and after all the sufferings of non-hunting days last season, a small but admirably close stud are prevented by the weather from going out, and are engaged in that disagreeable and expensive occupation known as "eating their heads off." "Not quite the day for that sort of thing?" I inquire, handing him over the "proof" of Mr. Sturgess' "Ready for Anything," which a boy just brings in for inspection. He hurls the drawing disdainfully across the table, then retrieves it to examine the lines of the animal that the artist has cunningly depicted, and with some muttered remarks about it being a wicked shame to show a man such a picture with two inches of snow on the ground, and five horses out of seven coming to grief in a hurdle race at Kempton Park, begins an angry tirade about newspapers in general, illustrated papers in particular, and more especially still those newspapers which illustrate hunting scenes on days when men can't hunt. What is the good of having horses ready for anything when there is an inch and a half of ice in the ponds? he desires to be told. However, by the time the drawing is published, things will very likely have improved, and if the rider that is destined to mount this animal be as ready for anything as his steed, they ought to have a good day.—RAPIER.

UNLICENSED "GUNS."

THESE are the gentry who falsify the keeper's prediction that a good head of game will be found in such and such a likely corner. Their weapons are not by any manner of means devised upon the latest principle, and their dog is a mongrel; but with a keen poacher to direct one and guide the other, the old-fashioned gun and the ill-bred dog do a wonderful amount of execution, especially as it may safely be assumed that the mysteries of trapping are not wholly unknown to these unlicensed "guns." It is not only the game they shoot and trap, but the game they drive away, that rouses the owner's wrath, and it is well for him that the word "trap" has a wide signification. Round the corner at the present moment, it may be, the keeper is warily watching; and when the poachers pass across the spinney they may find that it leads, not to the snug taproom of the village public, where their spoil will fetch a decent price from the "carrier," whose cart is waiting, but to the cells of a neighbouring police-station.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

SO much of the interest belonging to portraits of departed histrionic celebrities resides in amusing anecdotes and interesting professional facts connected with them that we are reluctant to pass them over with a bare brief catalogue of dates. In the present instance want of space compels us either to do this or hold over the biographical sketches in the printer's hands until our next. We have determined to adopt the latter plan. Two of the "Ladies of the Stage" will be recognised as actresses who passed from the boards into aristocratic circles, Miss Mellon having afterwards been the Duchess of St. Albans and Miss Stephens, Countess of Essex. Miss F. H. Kelly won the most enthusiastic praise from Sheridan, Charles James Fox, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Serjeant Talfourd, and all the best dramatic critics of her day, as a player of the loftiest type, and the legitimate successor of Miss O'Neil. Mrs. Baker was for many years famous on the old Haymarket boards as a talented comedy actress, and Mrs. West was an actress of about the same period in the higher walks of tragedy.

THE RICHMOND CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

THE Richmond Horticultural Society may be fairly and heartily complimented upon the successful result of their last chrysanthemum show, which, like each of the previous five or six exhibitions, achieved a financial and horticultural triumph of no mean order. In the two days during which it remained open—the Tuesday and Wednesday of last week—at the Castle Hotel, the corridor leading to the assembly-room was occupied by Mr. T. Clarke, of Twickenham, who exhibited here the well-known "Excelsior" lawn mower, and numerous horticultural implements of American manufacture. Most of them were of improved construction, the leading features being lightness combined with strength and durability. Here, too, was a very interesting collection of cacti and other succulent plants, exhibited by Mr. Henry Boller, to whom a bronze medal was awarded. The main portion of the exhibition occupied the large concert-room

and the ball-room beyond, where Mr. Woodcock's string band was stationed, and performed an excellent selection of music each day. Much credit is due to Mr. Richard Dean, of Ealing (the superintendent of the exhibition), and Mr. Cole, of Feltham, his assistant, for the very effective manner in which the show was arranged. Some splendid groups of chrysanthemums were displayed round the sides of the concert-room, and in the centre were two tables, running side by side the whole length of the room, upon which was a most tempting array of fruit and some exceedingly beautiful cut flowers. The vegetables were staged in the small apartment which intervenes between the two large rooms, and in the ball-room there was another magnificent display of colour, for here were the specimen plants and the cut blooms. In addition to what was entered for exhibition, there was a large number of plants kindly lent for decorative purposes by Mr. Herbst, to whom a silver medal was awarded, and in other ways the show was made to present a most attractive appearance. In the ball-room the principal features were the trained chrysanthemums and the cut blooms. With the former Mr. James was a successful exhibitor, his six trained pompon chrysanthemums, for which the first prize was awarded, being most excellent.

The show was well attended throughout, and was at times so crowded that it was difficult to pass round. H.S.H. the Duke and H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck sent to say that they regretted very much not being able to be present, owing to their having left White Lodge on Monday to visit the Earl of Wilton at Heaton Hall, near Manchester. It should be stated that the Castle rooms were very kindly and gratuitously lent by Mr. Julius Beer, the owner of the property. The flags, &c., were lent by Mr. Chancellor, the honorary secretary, who also kindly collected contributions of fruit, flowers, and vegetables from the following exhibitors, and forwarded them to the Richmond Hospital:—Sir Henry Meux, Messrs. Jackson and Son, Mr. F. Wigan, Mr. J. E. Meek, Mr. Wilks, Mrs. Allan, Mr. W. Brown (Marshgate), Mr. J. Wagstaffe, Mr. J. Shand, Mr. A. C. Stearn, Mr. W. Farnell-Watson, Mr. C. Henson, Mr. J. J. Flack, and Mr. W. Bowells.

The judges were Mr. Baker, gardener to Mr. Baring, Coombe Wood, and Mr. Laing, of Stansted Nursery, Forest Hill. Owing to the largeness of the exhibition their duties were of an arduous nature, but were well and carefully performed, deserving grateful remembrance, as does also the active, indefatigable honorary secretary, Mr. Chancellor, whose heart was thoroughly in his work, and to whose skill and energy the society mainly owes its present flourishing condition.

POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN the centre of our illustration is Mr. Broad's first-prize black Polish cock, a bird of great beauty; on the left, Mr. T. Sharpe's cup and first-prize partridge Cochin cock, which sold for £63 (the catalogue price); on the right, Mr. Darby's third-prize Cochin pullet. Behind are Mr. J. Turness's Creve (first prize), Mr. Unsworth's first-prize Polish, and Mr. Gladstone's first and cup-prize turkey. In front are a pair of black Japanese bantams (brought over to this country by Mrs. Brassey from her cruise in the *Sunbeam*), with Mr. Chadwick's second-prize goose, and Dr. Hick's first and cup prize Pekin duck, and Mr. Crewe's second-prize Pekin. It is remarkable how popular these Asiatic birds are becoming; only four years ago they were introduced, and here a class of twenty couple were before the judges. It seems they are capable of 2lbs. greater weight than the Aylesburys, and are better layers; but their rank primrose colour certainly does not recommend them, nor indeed their form, which should be square. At the top of the page will be found a group of pigeons, cup winners, excepting one, a pigmy pouter of Captain Norman Hill's (not in competition). It is said to be the most perfect of its kind ever exhibited, being a result of twelve years' careful breeding by an enthusiast.

Down each side are shown heads of first prize and cup winners of various breeds, while in the left-hand bottom corner are a pair of paradise ducks, apparently of most affectionate natures, as one is constantly to be found with its head resting on the other's shoulder. These birds formed quite a feature in the ornamental water-fowl class, as also did two gulls, one busily engaged (when sketched) in pecking out the brains of an unfortunate cod with great avidity. This curious scene passed off just in front of those solemn and truly wonderful lions (sculptured by Egyptian hands, B.C. 12,000), which seemed to view the whole affair with supreme disdain. The appliances and fowl-houses were some very practical, and the fencing wire also was good—a new kind, invented by Mr. Groom, for repelling the invasions of rats and foxes being indicated in the upper corners.

LONGFELLOW the American Poet is said to be at work on a drama in co-laboration with W. D. Howells.

At the general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, the following gentlemen were elected members:—Professor Macfarren, Mr. Charles Hullé, and Mr. John Hullah, LL.D. Also as Associates: Mr. Humphrey, J. Stark, Mus. B., Mr. James Higgs, Mus. B., Mr. Walter Fitton, Mr. G. W. Hammond, Mr. Arthur G. Thomas, Miss Clinton, and Miss M'Murdie. The eighth concerts of the sixty-eighth season were fixed; the first to take place on Thursday, February 5, next year.

Walter Pether's *Journal* informs us that Mr. Tennyson has written a one-act drama for St. James's Theatre, founded upon a story in the "Decameron of Boccaccio." It is to be reproduced about Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the leading parts.

It is gratifying to find that the opinion we expressed of Miss Geneviève Ward's performance in *Forget Me Not* has been enthusiastically endorsed in the local papers of all the towns in which she has since performed.

THE sixth annual "Fancy Dress Polo and United Counties Hunt Ball" was held on Wednesday evening at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, when the whole of the Pavilion was decorated for the occasion. A very great portion of the guests were in fancy costume, and a large number of military and naval officers were present. As usual on the day of the ball, an extra club shooting meeting took place at the head-quarters at Preston. A free prize, presented by the club, was won by Mr. G. M. Barker, who killed six out of seven, beating 14 others. The winners of the remaining pools were Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cobb, Mr. W. Blake, Mr. H. Rae Reid, Mr. G. Beard, and Mr. J. Beard.

Tinsley's *Magazine*, after its instalment of Mr. Buxton's theatrical story, has a paper on Keats, written with remarkable power and ability, the continuation of "A Lover's Legacy," and a third section of Mr. Day's revelations from within the doors of a sporting club, a phase of life having strongly marked peculiarities and characteristics, all of which are very smartly and cleverly depicted. "The Weird Sisters," by Mr. Richard Dowling, retains its hold upon the imaginations of its readers with undiminished power, and strengthens in interest as it proceeds. It is wonderfully picturesque and vividly realistic.



POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

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the Aquarium, and those who tire of billiards can amuse themselves with the grand military *assaut d'armes*.

Football was almost a dead letter in the metropolitan district last Saturday, owing to the state of the weather, but the Old Foresters and Hendon, who had met twice before, on the 8th and 15th, without proving either's superiority, managed at last to settle the point, the Hendon proving the victors by two goals to one. Another undecided match in the first ties of the Association Challenge Cup, that between the Remnants and Upton Park, was decided on Tuesday, at Kennington Oval, the latter winning easily by six goals to two.

The enthusiasm of the Northerners over sport was evinced by the fact that upwards of three thousand persons paid gate at Sheffield last Saturday to witness the Association match between the representatives of the cutlery town and London, and a grandly-contested struggle resulted in a tie, either team obtaining a couple of goals. Twenty-one contests have taken place. Sheffield have won nine, London seven, and no fewer than five have been drawn.

In the provinces several matches have been played, and under Rugby rules Cheetham and Oldham had a fine match last Saturday, the score at the finish being—Cheetham, two tries, one touch down, and one dead ball; Oldham, three touches down.

EXON.

"THE BADMINTON AND V.W.H. HOUNDS."

Or the few old-established family packs of fox hounds handed down from generation to generation, the Badminton is pre-eminent. Every Somerset is a sportsman in the truest sense of the word. It is undoubtedly an hereditary gift, nowhere better displayed than in the present Duke, his huntsman Lord Worcester, and Lords Arthur and Fitzroy. No day is too long for the blue and buff, though they hunt five days a week all the season. A day with the Duke is the admiration of all real foxhunters, and if poor Jorrocks could have witnessed one day he would have been ecstatic with delight.

The utter absence of confusion, of over-riding hounds, the fact that men never get in the way whilst hounds are drawing covert, and give plenty of room to the pack when running, render hunting with the Beaufort Hounds a real pleasure. Be it peer or peasant, the Duke and his family treat each with equal courtesy. All probably recollect that many generations ago the Badminton hounds were stag-hounds, and whilst drawing for a brave hart on an autumn afternoon through the fastnesses of Silk Wood, the pack took to the line of a fox and showed such an excellent run, with a kill at the end of it, that, from that day to this, bold Reynard has been the sole object of pursuit. This season, as with almost every pack in England, sport has been very fair, though no very brilliant run has yet been recorded; but when the leaf is really fallen and the foxes are wilder there will doubtless be such sport to chronicle as in previous years. Beloved by all, the Duke has any amount of foxes, for everyone is proud to welcome him and his hounds. The theory of "keep foxes and you'll have no pheasants" must explode when one witnesses the superabundance of game both winged and furred that exists upon the whole estate of Mr. Holford in the neighbourhood of Weston Birt, whilst at the same time there are always lots of foxes, several of the coverts containing favourite earths for vixens to lay down their cubs. Poor old Garland, the head keeper, is now gathered to his fathers at a ripe old age; but the last time I saw him he showed me with pride the massive silver tankard with a suitable inscription on it presented to him by his Grace of Beaufort, and I recollect on that sultry summer's day as we wandered on the grass with sixteen couple of lovely Clumbers; how he lamented the invention of breech-loaders, saying, "Ah! sir, in the old muzzle-loader days every spaniel would down charge, but now the gentlemen are in such a hurry it is impossible to make them, but I can carry out my system here." So with a wave of the hand his sixteen couple of lemon-and-white beauties spread within gunshot through bracken and fern, and at one word, "Down," each spaniel was thoroughly obedient. A pretty sight it was.

Last Monday the neighbourhood of Weston Birt was the Duke's fecture. After drawing the laurels in front of Highmore House, generally a sure find, we trotted on to three or four little coverts, but failing these, entered Charlton coppice, not drawn previously this season, and not long had hound been in when a burst of music announced that Reynard was afoot, and not only one but several—doubtless a litter of cubs—one of which quickly succumbed in covert; and at the same moment another broke away, with Lord Worcester and his pack directly at his heels. They raced him (by Jove, these hounds can go!) over the open for ten minutes, when he laid down under a wall occasioning a short check as the pack had flashed over him; but casting round he jumped up in view and was killed. In Mr. Holford's park the second fox was quickly found, and afforded a very pretty gallop to Easton Grey, where he was unfortunately headed, and swimming the stream retraced his steps part of the way; being pressed, however, he went to ground in a drain not far from Pinkney. The twilight comes soon in these short days, and having sixteen miles to jog ere I arrive at my Penates, I reluctantly turn my horse's head for home, more especially reluctant as the word is given for another draw; but so it is, and after so pleasant a day I meditate over the joys, as the poet saith:—

The stirring chase
Of hounds and foxes striving in the race.

The Vale of White Horse next claim my attention. Born and bred within two miles of the kennel, I ought to recollect its history. This country originally formed a portion of that which is now the Old Berkshire. In 1831 a division took place, and the late Lord Ducie (at that time Hon. Henry Morton) became Master, and showed sport with the greatest success till 1842, when gout, that horrible enemy to all active work, compelled him to give up. It was at this time that he took to short-horns and farming, the results of which labours are amongst all true admirers of short-horns, "familiar as household words." Then came Lord Gifford, with a rare pack of hounds from the Herefordshire country, and it may be here safely remarked that as a huntsman, professional or otherwise, few if any could excel, or even equal, Lord Gifford in his best days. His devotion to his hounds in and out of kennel, and their extraordinary love of him in the field was astonishing. Many a cunning scheme had to be devised at the end of a day's hunting, when his lordship happened not to be returning home with his hounds, to persuade the pack to jog home with the whips. He resigned in 1845, when a committee was formed, and lasted five seasons with old John Dinnicombe as huntsman, and well was he carried by old Burton. Then came Mr. Villebois upon the scene, and hunted the country till 1854, when Lord Gifford, who in the meantime had been hunting the Ludlow country, the flinty H. H., and the rough woodlands of Herefordshire, returned once more to his old love, the V.W.H. This continued for three seasons, when Mr. Bill Croome handled the ribbons of office, and bruiser as he proverbially is in the Vale, by dint of hard riding and working himself personally in the field, showed several good runs, but he was unfortunate in his huntsmen. I shall never forget the laughter we had on the arrival of a new importation—a

fresh "James Pigg," in fact. He was drawing his first covert, and when half-way through, the master, close to him, hollered to him to try once more, as it was very thick. No answer. Another expostulation, with an anathema. No reply. "Confound the fellow, he's as deaf as a beetle!" said the master, and amidst the laughter of the field rode up to bellow in his ear; and his surmise was right, for hear he could not without a trumpet. Following Mr. Croome came Mr. Henley Greaves, with Tipton as huntsman, and a more business-like turn-out was never witnessed. The great mark left by the late Mr. Henley Greaves in the country was his "getting round" old Francombe, a farmer of his own property in the centre of the Cricklade Vale district of the country, a most determined vulpicide. He had destroyed any amount of foxes by a peculiar dodge of his own, which he never would reveal, and it died eventually with him. A present of a hundred guineas, subscribed by members of the hunt, together with the consumption of thirteen glasses of gin and water by Mr. Greaves at the Francombe farmhouse, won the old man's heart, and since that day foxes abound in the dear old vale. Mr. Wharton Wilson came next, buying the Old Berkshire pack, and in the course of his mastership, with Stephen Goodall as huntsman, showed rare sport. Nothing would stop Stephen, and his quiet, patient way with hounds won him many a fox to hand, whilst with others, under the same circumstances, Reynard would have "lived to fight another day." Sir William Throckmorton succeeded Mr. Wilson, buying his hounds, and bringing Bob Worrall from Mr. Drake's to take the horn; and right well he did it. Those days from my boyhood up were the balmy of my experience with V.W.H., and those who may happen to read these lines will re-echo it to the heart. Such runs! always sport! happy geniality! plenty of foxes! Sir William as keen as mustard. Did I not see him on one occasion, when hounds were running hard, jump the Crouch Brook to and fro, on Shamrock, to turn a hound, and forard again as if nothing had happened? Lord Shannon, hailing from the Emerald Isle, in course of time became master, buying the hounds of Sir William, a great advantage to the country to retain the same pack in the kennel. After showing good sport, he resigned, though his lordship had, without exception, the best subscription ever paid to a Master of V.W.H. The present "monarch of all he surveys, whose right there is none to dispute," is Mr. Charles Hoare, who is well worthy to follow the best of his predecessors. So much bosh is often written about the popularity of a Master of hounds, and such a quantity of unnecessary praise that one is diffident in making eulogistic remarks. Suffices it to say, Charlie Hoare is the right sort for the V.W.H. By the farmers he is simply worshipped, and with neighbours of all ranks and stations he is equally at home. With abundance of means he carries on the whole conduct of a large establishment to perfection. He hunts five days a week, and works the outskirts of the country right well, for instance, Swindon on the one side, and the Oakley woods on the other.

The V.W.H. have enjoyed a good cubbing season, and have had good sport ever since, notably a clinker last Friday, when they found one of the old sort at Binknoll, which afforded a very fast gallop over that fine vale by Lidiard Park. Saturday last was a wretched day, with half a foot of snow in some parts, but nevertheless Mr. Hoare hunted. Fortunately the meet was the kennels, so for those at a distance all doubt was at an end as to the possibility of hunting. The sun determinedly refused to shine to melt the snow, and an hour was spent in waiting, but that hour was most enjoyably passed with pleasant society and cheery hospitality from the Master. We trotted on soon after noon to Harebushes. They found at once, but scent was poor. Nevertheless they forced him away to Golden Farm, nearly to Preston, back again to where he was found, having a narrow shave of his life from a colley in the road, and after one turn round in covert, eventually lost him at Preston—a bob-tailed fox, of use another day. On Tuesday they met at Arlington Cross Roads, in the wall country. A large field, and all the old *habitués* of that district out. They found in Barnsley Park, but scent was worse than ever, and especially over the new-sown ground. This fox was lost. But the day improved towards two o'clock, and the right sort went away from Bibury Grove with eighteen couple about three minutes behind him. They settled down with a will, running towards Abington, on as if for Colne Pen, but bearing to the right, raced through Barnsley, forard away to Ready Token, where the first check occurred. Time, twenty minutes, without the slightest hesitation. At this point the huntsman, Bob Price, having had a fall, was not at hand at the moment, so time was lost; but eventually he hit off the line and brought to hand, stark and stiff, after some cold and patient hunting, a brave old fox, whose heart was doubtless broken by one of the fastest twenty minutes I've witnessed for some years over the walls.

ACTEON.

"MR. MARTIN TUPPER AT THE 'STAGE DOOR.'"

THE Editor of the *Stage Door* presents his compliments to the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and ventures to think that the members of the theatrical profession generally and the contributors to "Routledge's Annual" particularly, will be glad to receive the generous compliments so spontaneously given by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," who from his retirement looks so kindly upon the stage and its interests. The following correspondence has been received and is published by permission:—

MY DEAR SIR,—On human nature principles, I hope and believe that you cannot be offended by the intrusion of this note. If it comes from a personal stranger, his name at all events is well known to you; and if its main errand is praise, well—that concerns not alone yourself, but others of your quality, whom you so efficiently introduce and represent. I venture, therefore, as one of the public, to thank you and your collaborators for your clever and amusing brochure "The Stage Door"; from first to last it is excellent. Nothing of its sort (that my ignorance at all events knows of) has ever yet been issued, tending to place the members of your honourable profession in a more favourable—may, amiable—light before our "pensive public" than this bouquet of pleasantly instructive bits of autobiography; for of course Truth, and not merely acted verisimilitude, is the chief charm throughout. Pray, allow me through your good offices, to thank each and all of your co-helps, who will not, I am sure, feel that my sincerity herein needs any apology. If I may single out any (where all are so good), please to make my poor praise specially acceptable to Mrs. Bancroft for her very touching experience of a broken necklace, to Miss Hodson (who may kindly remember the author of "Alfred," at Manchester, with poor dear Walter Montgomery, to Mr. Reece, and to Mr. Gilbert. If I presume to single out these, pray let no others feel otherwise than heartily thanked by aforesaid "one of the public" for records which do them individually so much credit, and exemplify so happily the craft which they adorn.—Please to forgive this much from my dear sir, very truly your servant, MARTIN J. TUPPER.

Albury House, near Guildford, Nov. 22, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad so well and so easily to have pleased you and your worthy "little band." In this world of discouragements and disappointments and misappreciations, it cannot be anything but right and wise to give away occasionally to an honest good impulse of praising one's neighbour if one can. So I don't repent of my brotherly effort. You ask to be allowed to publish my note: well—it was not systematically written for publication; but if you consider that it is likely to do you and your friends any sort of good, I won't refuse your complimentary request, assured that your own tact and friendliness will introduce the volunteer applauder as you ought; everyone simply meaning well and unselfishly all round.—Truly yours, MARTIN J. TUPPER.

Albury House, W. Guildford, Nov. 23, 1879.

MESSRS. CARTERS' ROOT SHOW.

THE ninth year of the Royal Metropolitan Root Show was opened this week at the Islington Agricultural Hall, and is, in fact, the only great exhibition of roots for prizes this year. The exhibition is entirely managed by Messrs. James Carter and Co., of High Holborn, who, in spite of bad weather, will contrive to maintain their usual high standard. The prizes offered by Messrs. Carter and Co. are confined exclusively to their customers, which include the principal farmers throughout the country, amongst others Her Majesty the Queen, to whom a First Prize is awarded in Class Six; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Right Honourable Lord Clinton, the Right Honourable Lord Hastings, the Right Honourable Lord Warwick, Sir William Farquhar, Sir Curtis Lampson, Admiral Sir G. N. B. Middleton, Sir Paul Hunter, Major Allfrey, East Barnet Local Board, Mrs. Morten (Steward, Mr. Cave), Bedford Urban Sanitary Authority, South Metropolitan District Schools, Professor Buckinan, and Birmingham, Tame and Rea District Drainage Company, Eton Local Board, R. Webb, Esq., Messrs. Hepburn and Son, Dartford, and a whole host of landed proprietors. The roots from the Royal Farms possess considerable merit, by reason of their fine quality, and generally even appearance. The roots of "Carter's Warden Yellow Globe" Mangel are extraordinary. The same remark applies to the magnificent specimens of "Carter's Mammoth Long Red" Mangel; those exhibited by S. Beamish, Esq. (Mr. R. Beecher, Steward), being really marvellous for the season, some of them weighing nearly 40lb per root. Class I. for the Best 12 Roots of Carter's Prize Winner Swede brings no less than about 120 competitors, the largest competition, we believe, that has ever taken place for this class of root. The first prize lot exhibited by Mrs. Morten, through her energetic steward, Mr. Cave, are extraordinary specimens of what good farming and good seed will produce, and they may be taken as a fair example of the 20-acre field from which they were selected. Other classes are not inferior, and on the whole the show must be pronounced a brilliant success, and one, moreover, that is well calculated to do an immense amount of good to the agricultural interest. The following acted in the capacity of judges:—Mr. J. A. Clarke, late Editor of the *Chamber of Agriculture Journal*; Mr. J. Brebner, Her Majesty's Norfolk Farm; Mr. A. F. Barron, Royal Horticultural Society; Mr. A. Blake, Steward to Mr. Albert Brassey; Mr. Chas. Penny, Gardener to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Mr. J. C. Morton, Editor *Agricultural Gazette*; Mr. Shirley Hibberd, Editor of *Gardeners' Magazine*; Mr. W. Briginshaw, Her Majesty's Bagshot Park Farm.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Robinson's Distingue (J. Potter), 1. Maid of Wye, 2; Notus, 3. 5 ran.
THE WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Payne's Cornet (Loates), 1; Ariel, 2; Valour, 3. 9 ran.
THE PHILIPS' SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Durham's Palmerin (F. Sharp), 1; Astwith, 2; Oblivion, 3. 9 ran.
THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP of 10 sovs for starters, with 1000 added; winners extra; second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes. About one mile and a half.

Mr. Brown's Mars, by Mandrake—Queen of Beauty, aged, 6st 10lb J. E. Jones 1
Mr. J. B. Cookson's Adamite, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb Bell 2
Mr. Jardine's Humbert, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb Kellett 3
Also ran: Lansdown, Barley Sugar, Jollification, Peace, My Delight, Belphebe, Rylstone, Simba, Umbria, Sir Joseph, Villager, Lady Alicia, Chocolate.

Betting:—5 to 1 each agst Chocolate, Belphebe, and Adamite, 8 to 1 agst Lansdown, 10 to 1 agst Humbert, 12 to 1 agst Villager, 16 to 1 each agst Umbria and Simba, 25 to 1 each agst Rylstone, Peace, Mars, My Delight, and Barley Sugar, 40 to 1 each agst Lady Alicia, Jollification, and Sir Joseph.

THE RACE.—Immediately the flag was hoisted it was lowered again, the lot being despatched on their journey to a splendid start. As they raced past the mile post, Chocolate drew into fourth place, while Villager and Mars were in the rear. The last-named, however, soon improved his position, and Simba came into the straight in advance of Mars, Humbert, and My Delight, these being followed by Adamite and Belphebe. Approaching the distance Simba compounded, and for a few strides Humbert held the command, but immediately Jones moved on Mars he shot to the front and won easily from Adamite, who took second place opposite the stand, by a length; half a length separated the second and third; My Delight was fourth; Villager fifth; Rylstone sixth; Simba seventh; Lady Alicia eighth; these being clear of Lansdown, Barley Sugar, Chocolate, and Belphebe, with Umbria in the rear.

THE DUSHAM MASSEY STEEPCHASE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (W. Reeves), 1; Miss Bowstring, 2; Controller, 3. 6 ran.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. Hattersley's Gaelic (W. Macdonald), 1; Meerie, 2; Hematite, 3. 11 ran.

A CUP.—Mr. W. Burton's Fallow Deer (Luke), 1; Telescope, 2; Sutler, 3. 6 ran.

KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE WALTON HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. A. Dabb's Kinsman (S. Daniels), 1; High Priest, 2; Edith Plantagenet, 3. 7 ran.

A MAIDEN SELLING HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. A. Yates's Soapsuds (Childs), 1; Fanny Guy, 2. 7 ran.

THE RICHMOND NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Lewison's Beauchamp (L. Barker), 1; Selred, 2; Espada, 3. 8 ran.

THE TEDDINGTON HANDICAP.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Avontes (T. Cannon), 1; Seringa, 2; Advance, 3. 7 ran.

THE FULWELL SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Gurney's Lady Charlie (Brookwell), 1; Queen Alice, 2; Penitent, 3. 14 ran.

THE WOLSEY SELLING WELTER HANDICAP.—Captain Machell's Charles I. (F. Archer), 1; Castle Blair, 2; Francisian, 3. 12 ran.

THE SUNBURY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Hall's Diplomacy II. (Wainwright), 1; King Stephen, 2; Pearlina, 3. 6 ran.

SATURDAY.

THE CHERTSEY SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Lewison's Gordon (Owther), 1; Fanny Guy, 2; Zabina, 3. 3 ran.

THE STAINER SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Lord Aylesford's Queen Alice (Barker), 1; Lord of the Chase, 2; Too Late, 3. 14 ran.

HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Duke of Hamilton's Golden Pippin (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Chancellor, 2; Industrious, 3. 4 ran.

THE WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP.—Captain Machell's Quickstep (F. Archer), 1; Trapper, 2; Runnymede, 3. 11 ran.

MATCH.—Lord M. Beresford's Sign Manual (Owner), 1; Mangostan, 2.

THE KEMPTON PARK NOVEMBER HANDICAP.—Count F. de Lagrange's Ragman (Sherratt), 1; Bute, 2; Typhoon, 3. 10 ran. An objection laid against the winner for not weighing in with his hood and blinkers was heard by the Stewards on Monday, and decided against him.

THE SHEPPERTON SELLING PLATE.—Colonel Otway's Red Hazard (F. Archer), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Alice Maud, 3. 12 ran.

THE HANWORTH PARK NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Sander's Maid of Orleans (Loates), 1; Pink Chesnut, 2; Vanity, 3. 9 ran.

CHLORALUM.—Economic non-poisonous disinfectant, 99 London Wall. Cures thrush and festering sores, sweetens drains and gutters. Every stable, sty, cow and dog house should have it.—[ADVT.]

POMADE TRICHOPIHLE.—This pomade, the result of much patient research, is an infallible remedy for diseases of the scalp, such as dandruff, redness, pimples, falling off of the hair, premature baldness, &c. Under its influence local circulation is accelerated and all morbid secretions expelled (not driven into the system, as is the case with most of the nostrums sold). Every trace of dandruff disappears and a brilliant and flexible appearance is given to the hair. Price No. 1, 5s.; No. 2, 6s.; to be obtained through all Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, or direct from the French Hygienic Society, 56, Conduit-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

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Ladies of the Stage



Mrs. Mellon as "Mrs. Page"
From an original sketch
by J. F.



Mrs. Baker as "Lady Freelove"
from a painting by
J. Hageman



Mrs. H. West as Lady Racket
from a miniature painting
by Miss Drummond

Miss F. H. Kelly as "Belvidera"
from a painting by
J. Hageman

Miss Stephens as "Blanche"
from an original painting
by a contemporary artist



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MARIGOLD is a flower of sacred import, much used in the decoration of church windows dedicated to the Virgin. In



Mr Arthur Matthison

the kitchen, I believe, it is, or was, treated as a vegetable, and used for flavouring soups. In the dramatic list it is the title of an opera comique playing at the Olympic Theatre, the libretto of which is by Mr. A. Matthison, and the music by M.



A Musical Mustard.

Leon Vasseur. There is nothing very distinctive about *Marigold* to call for a bravo or a hiss; it is like other pieces of the kind, though it has somewhat an advantage over the general run of them, being clean, legless, and carefully written. Mr. Matthison

now and then drops into a somewhat tall class of literature for opera comique writing. There is occasionally a smack of the "Now, my co-mates and fellows in exile," about the speeches of the gentlemen engaged in manipulating the plot—if not a touch of the "Paradise Lost" about the songs. This is, however, obviated by the "gag" of the wily actor, and more especially, I regret to say, in this case, by the "gag" of the wily actress—Miss Kate Sullivan, to wit—of whom more anon. The music is bright, lively, and, I think, familiar. The scenery is very good, especially the last setting, which represents a mass of beech trees in sunlight, with a forest pool seen beyond. It is the work of Messrs. Gordon and Harford, and is well worthy of them. The dresses are very good, also, and the piece altogether is complete and pleasant to the eye. The quips and cranks are somewhat ponderous, but that is of little consequence, as they are not much heeded. There is a hectoring baron, who is played with sufficient vigour by Mr. Arthur Rousbey, who might have made himself up a *little* bit more opera-bouffish. It is all very well to be boisterous and overbearing, and fearful in intent and import, but not with a mild visage and a youthful one. A *little* more paint, say a touch of red on the nose and a few dashes of fury about the forehead, would in no way interfere with the dignity of the actor, and much increase the personal value of the Baron's presence. Then there is a dear old soul of a duke, who looks just like John Wesley masquerading in a cavalier's costume, if we may judge of that divine's personal appearance from prints representing him indulging in



An overgrown member of the Copsy-Wopsey School.

his usual cheerful occupations. The hero of the piece is one Bibolais, a part in which Mr. Fred. Wood acquits himself with no ordinary musical success. The costume is scarcely becoming, however, giving him the appearance of a magnified boy in knickerbockers. As to the ladies, the part of Marigold is played by Miss Mulholland, a sweet, fresh little lady, full of expression; indeed, both author and composer have been fortunate in obtaining the services of so sympathetic an artist for the part of the heroine. In a song of Mr. Fred Wood's, the refrain of which is, I think, "Adieu, beloved!" her acting is very graceful, and assists the intention considerably. It is a pity that when Marigold flies with her lover to the "forest glade" she seizes the opportunity (being entirely destitute of luggage) to change her costume, from a very homely and becoming skirt and bodice to a gorgeous attire of white satin, bedecked with sprigs of marigold, though she does turn out to be the daughter of a duke eventually, as is suspected, when some one asks, "Has she no mark, no ducal strawberry?" Still, she might just as well—and better—be a duke's daughter in homespun, considering that satin skirts do not grow upon trees in forest glades. Miss Fanny Edwards undertakes the part of the Baroness, who is the Baron's suspecting and ill-used spouse; she plays it as well as she did Little Buttercup in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, which is saying a good deal. The Baroness is connected by a golden chain to a little Moorish urchin, who reminds one of Hogarth at once. He represents one of the toy slaves that ladies used to drag about with them in years gone by, much as they do pugs and poodles in our own day. Master Phillips is the gentleman who plays this important part of Tako, and it is exceedingly funny to see him work up to the one chance of his life. He has one line to speak and to escape. That boy puts as much intention and importance into his one line as if it was the whole combined lengths of Hamlet's speeches. They have not got any low comedians in *Marigold* at the Olympic Theatre, but Miss Kate Sullivan is equal to a host of them. I do not mean this in any way as a compliment to the lady—far from it, it is rather painful to have to say it, but so it is. Miss Sullivan is a robust lady of more than ordinary feminine stature, and, unfortunately, has through some unknown influence, or the dictates of a vision, or the calls of genius, elected to undertake a line of acting that belongs to the light and fragile petite style

of female architecture. She undertakes to be quite a young thing, and to compete with the little Copsy-wopsys and Conny-wonnys in costume and conduct; it is, however, the playfulness of the elephant, the gambolling of a mammoth. It would be all very well if Miss Kate Sullivan stopped here, for with all her colossal playfulness she is good-humoured looking, and, indeed, seems to enjoy herself thoroughly, but she sings, and I regret to say, she gags recklessly and not altogether with refinement. I do not know whether it was the result of a cold or not—if it was, there is an end of it—but this lady's lines sounded somewhat of this nature in pronunciation



Mr Fred Wood as Bibolais

"Doe, doe, doe, I do dot doe." This I think meant "No, no, no; I do not know." I would point out that such gags as allusions to the Zulus and the late Lord Mayor would be more suitable to a male character than to that of a girl who, if I mistake not, was intended to be light and delicate in her humour by the author. If Miss Sullivan would give her music score to Miss Mulholland and prevail upon Mr. Drake to engage a low comedian for her gags, the part she plays would be considerably enhanced. By the way, I make a mistake, it is not Mr. Drake, it is C. A. Drake, Esq.; everybody else is either plain Arthur or William or Mrs. on the programme, but



The Bishenden Umbrella.

it is Drake, Esquire. While on the subject of music I may as well divulge a mystery that has been haunting me for some time. That mystery is the who, what, and where of the original of a photograph that is exhibited by the Stereoscopic Company and other photographic establishments with the following legend printed under it:

"MR. C. H. BISHENDEN, THE CELEBRATED BASS."

You may see for yourself any day in Regent-street the pictorial representation of this being, nestling amongst other professional beauties. He is to be seen with a pith helmet, and

without it. Why does Mr. Bishenden wear this mushroom hat? Is the "celebrated bass" an advertisement for the eminent browers? and is this a fancy keg? Or is he a warrior bold? These are queries I speculated upon when prosecuting inquiries on the subject. The general answer I received from the knowing ones was that "He sings 'The Wolf'" (or wolfs the sing, I forget which). None of them had ever heard him, but they knew he was in the habit of indulging in a far-off suburban vestry hall occasionally; indeed, I had the evidence of a newspaper advertisement that Mr. Bishenden could not receive his pupils on certain days because he had to sing "The Wolf" on the evenings of those days. This was rough on the pupils—especially if they had paid quarterly in advance. Who made this man "the celebrated"? was another of my anxious enquiries. Has he a friend in a photographer's shop who idolises him to such an extent, or is it that fickle friend, the British public, or is it Mr. Bishenden himself? I very shrewdly suspect the latter, because the gentleman has used the term in his own advertisements. If it be so there is a tone of modesty about the whole affair that is perfectly charming. I was becoming somewhat quieted upon the subject of the celebrated bass, when my mind got a severe wrench by the subject of the "Bishenden Umbrella" cropping up. Was he then an umbrella-maker as well as "a bass"? No, I was told, but they have an umbrella with the handle carved in rude representation of the great creature. I eagerly sought one, thinking they must be procurable at any respectable gamp merchants. My vision was of thousands of happy subjects with the celebrated one's photograph in their breast-pockets, and affectionately grasping his features on their umbrella-sticks; but no, again I was to be disappointed. The shopmen had got "Fox's Paragon" and "Sangster's Patent," but they had not heard of "the Bishenden;" at last I heard that two had been made by special desire for the great one himself. At last I have seen the original of the umbrella and the pith helmet, and the carte-de-visite himself! It was in Regent-street, and he was manfully breasting a bleak east wind with his shirt collar open down to about where an ordinary waistcoat begins. It must be rather dangerous for a celebrated bass to go about so recklessly *decoleté*. Why does not some lady admirer knit him a comforter (if not for warmth for decency sake); or, better still, some out-fitter publish "The Bishenden Muffler," and make his fortune?

MR. JOHN DOUGLAS, proprietor of the Royal Standard and Park Theatres, was on Tuesday last installed as Worshipful Master of the Royal Savoy of Freemasons, No. 1,744. Mr. James Willing, jun., was the installing officer.

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CETEWAYO AND THE ENGLISH CONJUROR.

BEING on a professional tour to South Africa, and finding himself at Cape Town on the 24th of October last, Dr. Holden, the Court Magician and "Wizard of the Wicked World," obtained permission from Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, subject to the approval of Captain Poole, R.A., to give the captive king an entertainment in his prison at the old Dutch Castle there. Accordingly about half-past three in the afternoon of one of those glorious and bracing spring days so common at this, the South African springtime of the year, the "doctor" drove up in a cab, was shown into the interpreter's room, and made his necessary arrangements at the far end of a long barn-like apartment, divided into two or three portions, in one of which were the ex-king's three wives, attended by a young Zulu girl, enjoying their tiffin or dinner, or whatever they called it. They appeared to be taking pot luck, digging their fingers into an iron pot, and behaving as becomes the noble savage. If "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," no one need cavil at the way these ladies were dressed. They seem to object to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and wear a few beads—and a smile. However, this being a red-letter day, they soon afterwards appeared with a covering of some light material over their shoulders, and took their seats on a wooden stool well to the back of His Majesty, as if they were afraid of the Wizard, who had previously created an impression on them by finding eggs in their ornaments. The room was bare of anything approaching furniture; the half-dozen, more or less, attendants squatted on the ground, the once-dreaded ex-king sat on a Windsor chair, and the *séance* commenced.

Cetewayo must be complimented on his good taste in selecting the few wives he has dragged into captivity with him; for better looking black women it would be difficult to find on a day's march anywhere. He seems to have a *penchant* for tall women—for each of his wives must be close on 5ft 11in high. They agree very well together, all things considered. He did not seem at all jealous—as he sat at the far end of the room near the door whilst the preparations were being made—at the Wizard Doctor entering the partitioned room and conversing with his wives in pantomimic dumb show, and showing them a few preliminary sleight-of-hand tricks, at which they exhibited much surprise and laughed most immoderately. The windows look out into the barrack-square, where the red-coated and plaid-trousered men of the gallant 91st Highlanders mounted guard, and a few men of the Royal Artillery

lounge about. Outside the castle walls, along the ramparts of which the ex-king is allowed to walk guarded by two sentries, is the Royal Engineer Stores, so that escape would seem out of the question, unless very artfully planned; but from the resigned and comfortable appearance of the prisoner, I should say that he is quite content to remain as he is until, in the words of the immortal Micawber, "something turns up." The view from the ramparts is beautiful, and it must necessarily be very galling to some of the pent-up Zulus, used to wild sports and exercise, to be unable to get about. The Table Mountain rises at the back of the castle, and the beautiful bay washes the outer fortifications of the castle.

And what was this now celebrated Zulu king like, you ask? Imagine a jovial-looking but perfectly black man in a blue serge suit, with a billycock hat like those worn by agricultural labourers in England; well-formed and intelligent, and you have a tolerably correct idea of the noted despot. He gave one the opinion that he was there to find out every trick on the programme, and he did his level best to do so. It would not do to perform an illusion on the table; no, it must be brought close to him. That would not always do either. He must hold the conjuror's hand whilst he did his trick, and place the article on the floor before him. Card tricks and the dictionary trick were above his comprehension. Pure sleight-of-hand—the producing of full bowls of water and fish, tumblers of wine, and a bowl of fire from an empty cloth—pleased him much; also allowing him to load a pistol, place a leaden bullet in it himself, and then firing at Dr. Holden's head, sent him in ecstasies, which increased when the performer passed a dagger and afterwards a long cavalry sword through his body. The yells of delight at these illusions were most ludicrous, and the amusement afforded was great. These constant yells were like nothing one can conceive, unless they have mixed with these strange African tribes. At the conclusion the king shook the conjuror warmly by the hand, and through the courteous interpreter told him, he (Dr. Holden) was "not born of a woman" he was sure, and expressed the great delight he had experienced. The Colonel Commandants, Captain Poole, R.A., and Captain Brown were also present, as well as a Sergeant-major of the 91st, and Dr. Holden's manager, who had brought two editors of the local papers, Mr. Geary, the well-known literary editor and proprietor of the *Cape Lantern*, and another gentleman; but they were politely but firmly refused an *entrée*, as Captain Poole, who has charge of the prisoner, had received strict orders to allow no one, unless specially privileged, to see Cetewayo.

A NEW Academy of Music has been founded by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, the well-known musician. The Academy is to provide instruction in every branch of the art, both vocal, instrumental, lingual, and historical, and the services of a large body of teachers, eminent in their several departments, have been secured to co-operate with Mr. Ganz.

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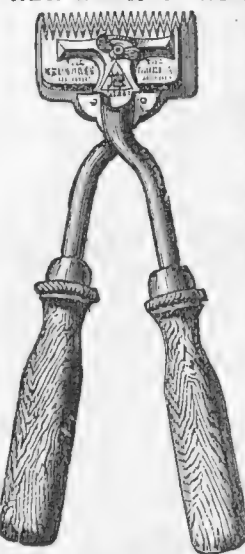
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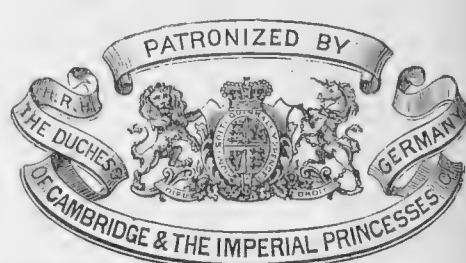
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 All animals should have an ounce or two of the **KOSSOLIAN or BLOOD SALT** mixed with their food once or twice a week, from the hunter down to the carriage horse and hack.
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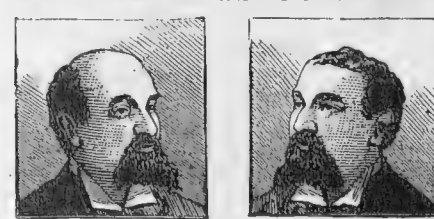
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BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.
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FER BRAVAIS (liquid iron in concentrated drops) is the only one entirely free from acid; it is without smell, tasteless, and produces neither constipation, diarrhoea, inflammation, nor fatigue in the stomach; it is besides the only iron that NEVER BLACKENS THE TEETH.
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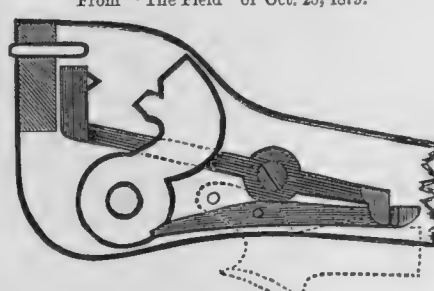
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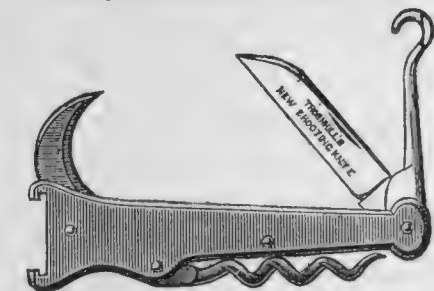
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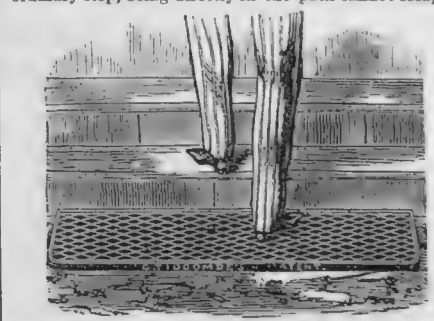
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THEY give a Finished Appearance to Entrances, are suitable for all kinds of Gravel-Walk Entrances in all weathers, either to remove the loose grit after summer showers, or dirt or snow of winter. Their texture gives a firm hold to the feet in whatever direction you step. They are the width of an ordinary step, being directly in the path cannot escape



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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, to the ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS, held on the 20th November, 1879.

Head Office—St. MILDRED'S HOUSE, London.

The Directors have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the 31st financial year of the Society ending 30th June, 1879, and on the triennial valuation of its affairs.

During the year 6,090 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,333,624. Of these proposals 4,858 were accepted for the assurance of £1,861,106, and policies were issued for that amount. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for £10,571 0s. 6d.

The incomes received from premiums, after deducting the amount paid for re-assurance, was £432,556 3s. 9d., including £57,323 15s. 4d. in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £109,217 14s. 7d., which, together with the receipts from premiums, raised the income of the Society to £541,773 18s. 4d. for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the assets.

The claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance policies, were for an amount of £243,302 7s. 6d., of which sum £5,330 18s. 7d. was re-assured, whilst the claims under policies for Endowments that had matured amounted to £112,155 13s. 8d. The sum of £37,088 11s. 5d. was paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for the amounts—for the annuities falling due within the year—for all necessary office expenses, and other charges on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £135,037 4s. 4d. on the receipts of the year, which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £2,683,582 4s. 3d., and together with the amount of £79,455 14s. 11d. reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payment of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, make up a total of £2,663,040 19s. 2d. in realised assets, as shown in the 2nd Schedule appended to this Report.

The accounts have been duly audited by G. H. Ladbury, Esq., the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, W. Venn, Esq. (a Policyholder), on behalf of the Policyholders. The whole of the securities and documents representing the realised assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the investment of the funds of the Society. The amount rendered available for this purpose by the movement of funds during the year has been invested to yield an average rate of interest of 4½ per cent.

A list of the realised Assets is given as an Appendix to the Report, with particulars.

The Directors having reported on the general operations of the Society for the financial year, now turn to the subject of the triennial valuation of the Assurance and Annuity Contracts in force on the 30th June, 1879.

The result of the valuation is fully stated in the Report of the Actuaries.

The general fund which appears on the books of account as available for Assurance Fund, Annuity Fund, Annuity in Italian Renten Fund, and Surplus, amounts to £2,661,570 4s. 3d., and is thus divided:—

Assurance Fund	£2,182,056 14 0
Annuity Fund	334,083 6 0
Deferred Annuity in Italian Renten Fund	4,369 3 7
Surplus Fund	91,361 0 8
Total	£2,661,570 4 3

Upon reference to the Balance Sheet it will be observed that the liability of the Society under its contracts for assurances and annuities in force on the 30th June, 1879, is more than covered by the amount of the realised assets existing at that date. Also that the amount of £91,361 0s. 8d., designated as "Surplus Fund," is in effect the balance of the account, for it is the amount by which the realised assets of the Society exceed the liabilities, as shown in the Fifth Schedule, Appendix VI. The Surplus Fund is, therefore, available for distribution amongst the Policyholders and Shareholders of the Society.

Acting upon this Report, the Directors declare as divisible surplus the sum of £88,000, which they recommend for division among the Policyholders and Shareholders. The Assurance and Annuity Reserve Funds will, after the distribution of this sum, stand at £2,473,570 4s. 3d., leaving the share capital intact.

Eighty per cent. of the amount declared as surplus divisible will, on the 30th June next, be apportioned, as usual, to holders of participating policies in force at the date of the Balance Sheet, and will be applied in augmentation of the sums assured.

In the case of claims, by death or maturity, occurring prior to the 30th June next, under participating policies of not less than three years' duration, the cash value of the bonus to be allotted will be paid. In other cases the usual options will be allowed to the Policyholders in selecting the mode in which their bonus may be applied, but subject in all respects to the regulations of the Society, which will be stated in the notices to be issued when the requisite calculations in detail shall have been completed.

The holders of policies for Deferred Annuities payable in Italian Renten will participate in four-fifths of the profits made in the class to which they belong; the remaining one-fifth will revert to the general funds of the Society.

The inundations at Szegedin, in Hungary, during the past year, having caused much distress amongst an important community, where the Society had many assured lives, the Directors considered it desirable to express the sympathy of the Shareholders of the Gresham Life Assurance Society with the sufferers, by a donation of 2,000 florins (£160) towards their relief. The Directors submit their action in the matter for approval.

The Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. H. C. T. Beadnell, William Thornthwaite, and George Tyler, who, being eligible and willing to serve again, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

Mr. Ladbury and Mr. Venn retire as Auditors, but being eligible, they are candidates for election, the former on behalf of the Shareholders, and the latter on behalf of the Policyholders.

The Directors offer their congratulations on the continued prosperity of the Society.

By order of the Board,
F. ALLAN CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.
November 20th, 1879.

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of the Gresham Life Assurance Society, for the year ending 30th June, 1879.	
Amount of funds at the beginning of the year	£2,448,544 19 11
Premiums—	
First year... £57,323 15 4	
Renewals... 378,606 12 0	
Less Re-assurance Premiums 3,374 3 7	
	£432,556 3 9
Consideration for Annuities Granted ...	124,453 14 2
Interest and Dividends	109,217 14 7
Other Accounts:—	
Loan Charges and Assignment fees	14 0 1
Profit on Securities realised	9,141 10 6
Exchanges	3,171 2 0
	12,326 12 7
	£3,127,099 5 0

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON SOCIETY,

FOR DECEMBER.

CONTENTS:

THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF SOME MISDIRECTED LETTERS:—

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188, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

And of all Booksellers and Newsagents at Home and Abroad.

Claims under Policies:—

Deaths... £243,302 7 6	
Endowments... 112,155 13 8	
Less Re-assured	£355,453 1 2
	5,330 18 7
Surrenders	£350,127 2 7
Annuities	37,088 11 5
Commission	36,587 6 8
Expenses of Management:—	42,233 0 0
For the acquisition of new business:—	
Inspectors, Agency, and	
Travelling Expenses	£14,758 17 8
Advertising	4,901 18 0
Medical fees	3,003 8 0
	22,725 3 8
General Expenses	45,804 16 11
Fiscal Expenses:—	
Stamps and Income Tax	
(English and Foreign)	7,704 9 0
	76,234 9 7
Dividends to Shareholders	1,085 12 0
Bonus in Cash to Policyholders	161 18 6
Amount of funds at the end of the year, as per Second Schedule	2,583,582 4 3
	£3,127,099 5 0

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.

A. H. SMEE, Director.
H. C. T. BEADNELL, Director.
F. A. CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

We have examined the above Statement with the Books of Account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Dated November 3rd, 1879.
Signed, G. H. LADBURY, } Auditors.
WILLIAM W. VENN, }

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance Sheet of the Gresham Life Assurance Society, on the 30th June, 1879.

Shareholders' Capital paid up	£21,712 0 0
Assurance Fund	2,182,056 14 0
Annuity Fund	334,083 6 0
Deferred Annuity in Italian Renten Fund	4,369 3 7
Surplus Fund	91,361 0 8
Total Funds as per First Schedule	2,583,582 4 3
Claims admitted but not paid	76,497 5 0
Less Re-assured	nil.
	76,497 5 0
Annuities outstanding	2,815 11 2
Share dividends and bonus not applied for	145 18 0
Other Accounts	nil.
	£2,663,040 19 2

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom	£157,406 18 8
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom	nil.
Loans to Corporations and other minor local bodies	92,795 14 0
Loans on the Company's policies	193,476 8 0
Investments:—	
In British Government Securities	148,699 11 10
Foreign Government Securities	489,832 19 9
Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks	864,663 10 7
Railway Shares (preference and guaranteed)	25,604 18 10
House Property	340,803 2 7
Loans upon personal security	41,937 2 4
Credit premiums	37,300 16 8
Advances on Reversionary interests and on deposits of securities	38,765 10 0
Furniture and Fittings	8,006 15 0
Stamps and stationery	1,500 0 0
Agents' balances	61,309 16 2
Outstanding Premiums	84,455 11 6
Outstanding interest and rent	36,611 1 2
Cash in hand and on current account	36,646 6 4
Suspense account	160 0 0
	£2,663,040 19 2

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.
A. H. SMEE, Director.
H. C. T. BEADNELL, Director.
F. A. CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

We have verified, at the Bank of England, the inscription of the Government funds, in the name of The Gresham Life Assurance Society, and have examined the books, documents, and securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Dated November 3rd, 1879.
Signed, G. H. LADBURY, } Auditors.
WILLIAM W. VENN, }

ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

A SLIGHT ADDITION OF THE EXTRACT GIVES GREAT STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR TO SOUPS, MADE DISHES AND SAUCES, AND EFFECTS GREAT ECONOMY.

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A "SOCIETY" GRAMMAR FOR YOUNG LADIES.
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VIII. Comedy Writers of the Restoration.
IX. Sunshine and Shadow.
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

CHARLES HENRY J.—We are enabled to give you the reply in a copy of a letter addressed by the late Mr. Buckstone to Mr. George Hodder.

"Birmingham, Wednesday, September 14, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether you are still connected with the newspaper, but if you are, will you be kind enough to make allusion to the opening of the Haymarket on Monday next? The Haymarket company has had a wonderfully successful tour. We played six weeks at Bradford, one at Leeds, and are finishing up here. We have represented nothing but our standard comedies: *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, *The Beau Stratagem*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and *The Lady of Lyons*. These, with our best Haymarket farces, have been wonderfully attractive, drawing over-crowded houses everywhere, and have been received with every expression of delight—I presume from the rarity of their production in the provinces.—Very truly yours,

"J. B. BUCKSTONE."

J. G.—1. No! *The Village Lawyer* was translated from the French by Mr. Charles Lyons, a Dublin schoolmaster. Mr. Macready wrote *The Irishman in London*. 2. It has been urged that Shylock should bear upon his shoulder a distinctly visible red cross, because a law existed in Venice compelling every Jew who appeared upon the Rialto to bear that badge of suffrance, to avoid which many Jews quitted Venice. 3. Mrs. Centlivre's play, *The Busy Body*, was condemned before it appeared by both critics and actors. Mr. Wilks refused to play in it, so certain was he that it would be damned, and before the curtain was raised the audience were laughing at the prospect of its being damned. Yet it was a great and immediate success, had a long run, and held the stage as a successful stock piece for many years. 4. Yes. The original title of the play goes far in itself to disprove any such intention on the part of its author. It runs thus: "The excellent and true historie of the Merchante of Venice with the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the merchaunte Antonio, and the obtaining of Portia, the ryche heyre, by the choyce of three casketes."

E. EATON.—It is stated, but upon no authority that we can discover, that Shakespeare did so.

A. L. C.—Mr. F. J. Guinn died at the age of 76 in Southampton. He won his fame as a tragedian of the highest excellence on the Edinburgh stage. At the time of his death he was earning a living as a teacher of Greek, Latin, and other languages, Mathematics, Navigation, &c. He died on the 24th of November, 1821.

ROSALIND.—Owing to the kindness of Mr. W. Davidge, of Daly's Theatre, New York, we are able to reply. Mr. Davidge says: "Henry Scharf came to the Broadway Theatre, New York, in my company, and opened on the 19th August, 1850, as Moses, in *The School for Scandal*. At the end of the season he went to Richmond, Va., where he was engaged as anatomical artist. He was seen and spoken to about two years since at Columbia, S. C., where he was employed at the Medical College in a similar capacity, and is doubtless there still."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. DOWNING.—Long after the commencement of the present century there existed on the front of a house in Nassau-street, Dublin, about midway between Grafton and Dawson-streets, a marble tablet bearing a life-size bust of King William in bas-relief, with the following lines underneath it:—

"May we ne'er want a Williamite
To kick the breech of a Jacobite."

which for many years was regularly kept clean at the expense of the Corporation, and had its inscription picked out to keep it distinct on every fourth of November. It did not disappear until the house itself was taken down. It was to this, doubtless, that the writer referred.

A. GROSVENOR DAYSH (Munich).—1. We are not familiar with the novel, and have not a copy for reference. 2. A very good dictionary of nautical terms containing the information you require was published some years since by Mr. Middleton, of Dundee, written by Mr. Arthur Young and Mr. James Brisbane.

L.—The book mentions chocolate, which was not introduced into Spain before the seventeenth century, and, therefore, affords a clue to its date.

A. SAVAGE.—Southey said bad poets made the most spiteful of critics, just as weak wine makes sour vinegar. The critic you name is a bad poet. But we can't help it.

A. B.—It is mentioned as a fact in one of the old volumes on our shelves, "The Memoirs and Adventures of Mark Moore," a provincial theatrical manager of the last century, whose early life was passed in the naval service. He says when he found the vessel on which he served was one which had been fitted out and manned as a privateer by women of the town, he could scarcely restrain himself from flinging his commission in the face of the officer from whom he received it, and at once took off the uniform he was wearing, considering it a badge of disgrace which no gentleman would consent to carry on his person.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

HUNTERS' RACES AND GENTLEMEN RIDERS.

THE lower house of Turf Legislature (if we may be permitted to apply this title to those noblemen and gentlemen constituting the Grand National Hunt Committee, as distinguished from the higher chamber of the Jockey Club)

has its full share of work cut out for consideration at the next meeting, and we hail with every feeling of genuine satisfaction indications of reform in places which have long cried aloud for it in vain. It may, perhaps, be justly urged that the races and frequent performers therein which form the subject of our article are, to some extent, innovations upon the old system, and hitherto on their probation, and that a fair trial was bound to be given to that system. All this has been done, and though the recognition of failure is a humiliating process, we are constrained to admit that the Grand National Hunt Committee have manfully faced the difficulties originating in their method of administering the department under their charge. We are willing to believe that all that could be done has been done, and that it now only remains for them to start again upon a fresh tack. In undertaking a thorough putting in order of their house, members of the committee will not fail to attract public sympathy and interest; but action has been taken not one moment too soon, looking at indications presented in all directions of a sort of revolution among the men and measures they were elected to control. Ominous signs have lately appeared, incapable of being explained away, of disorganisation in steeplechasing affairs, threatening the very existence of the sport; and even now the outlook is anything but reassuring, having regard to the harm already done to the cause by means of its connection with low practices and unprincipled practitioners. Oddly enough, "deterioration" seems to have extended from the chief actors to their instruments, and it may safely be said that never have we experienced such a dearth of cross-country equine talent, nor so lamentable a falling off in the position and character of pilots boasting the names of "gentlemen riders." Theoretically, nothing could promise better than the institution of occasional contests between *bonâ-fide* hunters, ridden by their owners, or at least by non-professional horsemen; and doubtless at first the genuine article was occasionally met with, the shady individuals now notoriously connected therewith not having adjusted their plans, subsequently brought to such undesirable perfection, of getting the whole affair into their own hands. But it very soon came to be discovered that practices the reverse of reputable were gradually creeping in to change altogether the character of the sport as originally contemplated; until at length the evil has reached its present height, and both hunters and gentlemen riders have passed under a cloud whence it is to be hoped they may emerge with brighter prospects than now appear to be in store for them. Difficulties in the way of a proper standard of qualification, to whatever extent they may have been foreseen at first, never appeared so formidable as at present, and though the remedy proposed of abolishing qualifications *in toto* rather partakes of a crucial character, yet we cannot but approve the idea, for it is obvious that the recent system, which has degenerated into a mere delusion and snare, could not be permitted to continue, if any semblance of reality or respectability was longer to attach to the sport. Latterly the rich prizes offered to owners of hunters have induced them to make a trade of following up the game all over the country; the competitors being only ostensibly hunters, which might, indeed, occasionally take part in a run, but which, as a noble lord has well remarked, were too valuable to run the risks of injury in the hunting field, having in view the munificent stakes to be picked up on the various racing circuits during the steeplechase season. It was obviously never intended that these semi-professional performers should be encouraged; but there was no help for it, and thus genuine candidates were altogether driven out of the field, save at local hunt meetings, where the prizes were hardly worth winning. And as the *bonâ-fide* hunter, kept for his master's use and pleasure in following the chase, has almost entirely disappeared from the sphere instituted for his special behoof and encouragement, so has the gentleman rider *par excellence* reached the vanishing point in all but name, and his place has been usurped by riders of a doubtful status, not ostensibly riding for hire, but doubtless taking exceedingly good care that they should not suffer in pocket in exchange for their services. The yeoman-farmer, the squire's son, and others intended to be benefited, by the exclusion of professional talent, are now missing from the saddle in races professing to be their *spécialité*; and their places have been taken by the rough-rider, the horse-breaker, the sons of livery-stable keepers and dealers, only not professional by name, albeit the majority of them are well known to live of, and by, the hobby they pursue, and to possess no other visible means of subsistence. Truly the genuine amateur was harshly handicapped against his superiors in horsemanship, in racing tactics, and in the doubtful diplomacy of the betting ring; and it is small matter for wonder, therefore, that so few have been found capable of holding their own, or have cared to become mixed up in such very doubtful company. It is next to impossible to effect a radical cure for such an evil by the system, hitherto in vogue, of electing, year by year, the so-called "gentleman rider." A merely doubtful reputation cannot bar the candidate, and few are careless enough to be detected *flagrante delicto*; while the charge of pulling a horse or other questionable conduct is difficult of proof as it is easy of refutation in circles where all conspire to shield the malefactor. Occasionally, when knaves fall out, honest men get their own, but the process is unsatisfactory, and not to be encouraged at any price. So that we look forward with no small interest and curiosity to the meeting shortly to be held; and in the meantime we would strengthen as far as possible the hands of determined reformers by the assurance that public feeling is emphatically ranged on their side, and against the hollow shams and delusions which we trust they will succeed in combating successfully. But it will be necessary, above all things, to bring pains and energy to bear upon the contemplated reforms, and to insist upon their enforcement, as in the case of England with Turkey, if any solid good is to result from the movement. Better that the institutions of hunters' races and of gentlemen riders should go altogether by the board, than that a state of things should prevail calculated to bring contempt upon this branch of sport, and thus generally to lower the character of racing, which can ill-afford any further loss of prestige. We shall be curious to see what is the upshot of all these proposed changes;

but it may be taken for granted, once for all, that the public are heartily sick of the nuisances into which too many contests professing to be limited to hunters and their "gentlemen" pilots have degenerated. Perhaps the omission of items of this description from our racing bills of fare may not turn out so serious after all; and clerks of courses should not regret the absence from their programmes of a feature out of which unpleasant complications might be expected not unfrequently to arise. We hope to see the question finally settled before long; and meanwhile we can assure the thick-and-thin advocates of "disestablishment" that their labours in that direction will not be unappreciated by those having the interests of racing, in all its varieties, really and truly at heart.

OUR THEATRICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

(Continued from page 222.)

DRAMATISTS.

LEIGH HUNT.

MANY now living remember Leigh Hunt well enough as a quiet, studious-looking, clean-shaved old gentleman, with pale grey hair, and a complexion almost as grey and pale, who was the personal friend of Byron, Moore, Keats, and Shelley, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Charles Dickens, and many another man of genius long since dead. He who "in his hot youth, when George the Third was King," suffered long imprisonment for attacking so fiercely that mighty "Regent of the Sea," the prince of whom Lamb wrote in bitterness and scorn—

Not a fatter fish than he
Flounders round the Polar Sea;
See his blubber—at his gills
What a world of drink he swills—

and so on—you remember the well-known lampoon, I dare say. For, although he lived in his age, as it were, in a book-case, out of which he seldom came to go, Leigh Hunt did occasionally appear at the tables of his friends, and seldom did so without finding a select circle of curious guests, specially invited to meet him.

There are, however, very few, if any, who remember him as he is depicted in my sketch from one of his earlier portraits. (See page 220.)

With Leigh Hunt as a hard-working journalist and politician, moving in the turmoil of a troublous time, giving and receiving wounds with manly intrepidity, and chivalrously prepared to suffer patiently rather than retreat ignominiously, I have here luckily nothing to do; luckily, because echoes of the strife into which he plunged have hardly yet died away, and to this hour there are almost as many to condemn as there are to sympathise with the cause he championed. Nor, again, have I anything to do with him as the genial, thoughtful essayist, refined in style, full of tender feeling and graceful fancies, quaintly humorous, touchingly pathetic, or pleading eloquently for something dumb and pitiful. Nor, once more, need I speak of him as a poet whose verses won high praise from the critics whose judgment stood highest in the estimation of their peers. Nor need I even speak of him as the dramatic critic whose judgment ranked with, or next to, Hazlitt's, and whose scrupulous honesty and fearless independence were for so many years admitted, even by the actors he censured, as things beyond dispute. I have mainly to pen some brief account of him as a dramatist.

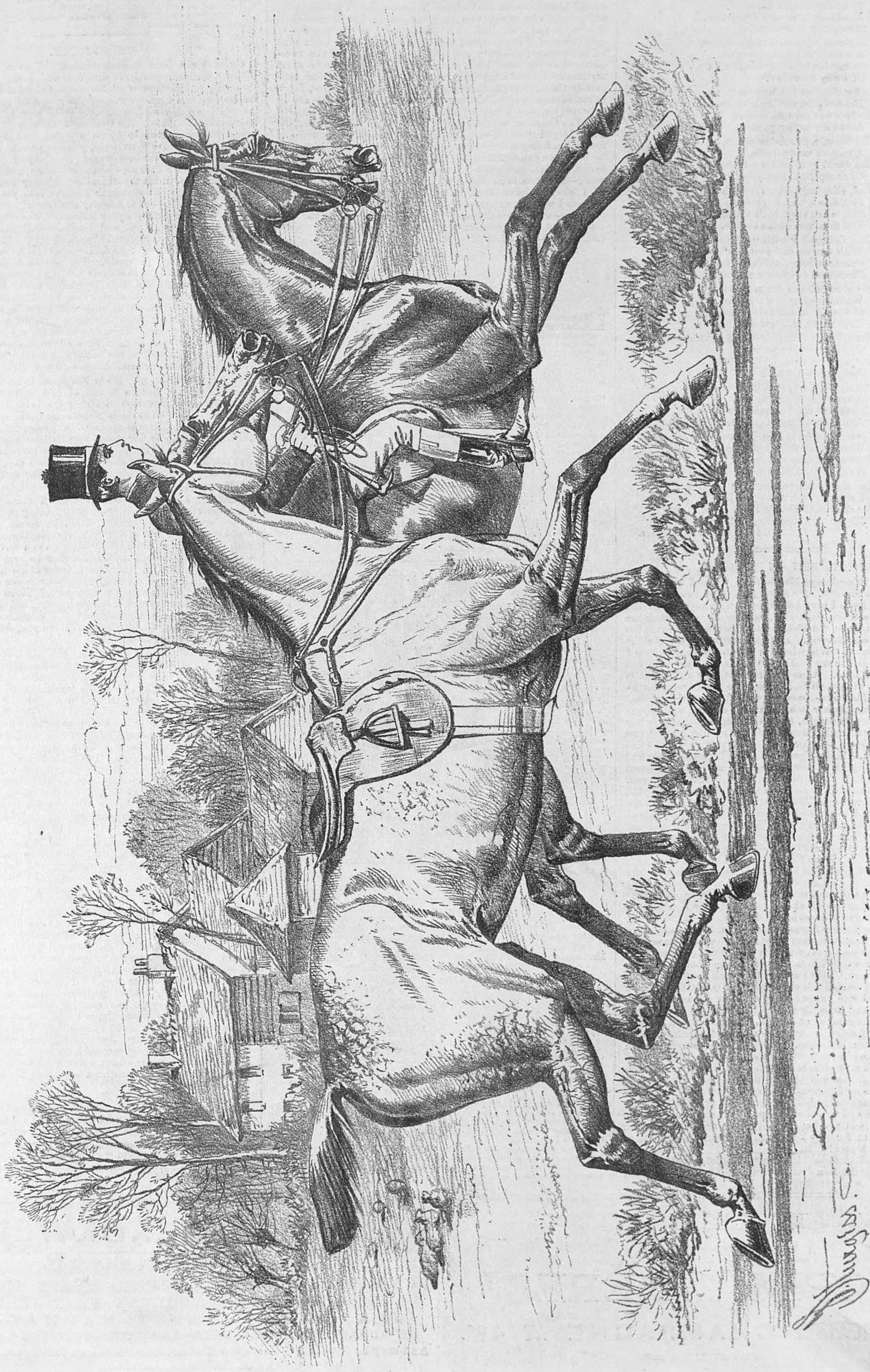
Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, in the year 1784, on the 19th of October. His father was a West Indian, who, when the civil war broke out in America, was residing in that country, and being a staunch Royalist, was compelled to seek refuge in England, where he became tutor to Mr. Leigh, the Duke of Chandos's nephew. His mother was an American lady, and native of Philadelphia. Young Leigh Hunt was educated up to his fifteenth year at the school of Christ's Hospital, and when sixteen published a volume of verses written at different times after he had attained his twelfth year.

At the time when Hunt commenced his professional career as a dramatic critic—that is to say, in his twentieth year—on his brother's paper *The News*, when as he tells us in his auto-biography "to know an actor personally appeared to me a vice not to be thought of, and I would as readily have taken poison as a free admission to a theatre," he terribly plagued, not only the actors, but the dramatists, laying all the deficiencies of the modern drama to their account, and treating them "like a parcel of mischievous boys, of whom he was the schoolmaster and whipper-in, forgetting," he adds, "that it was I who was the boy, and that they knew twenty times more of the world than I did." Speaking of his comments upon the plays of Frederick Reynolds, he wrote: "When I read the good-humoured memoirs of this writer the other day, I felt quite ashamed of the ignorant and boyish way in which I used to sit in judgment upon his faults." Reynolds bore the young critic's sharply adverse comments patiently, and was silent, but another dramatist of the time had less self-control, and poor Tom Dibdin—with whom I dealt biographically in my sketch of last week—wrote a complaining letter to *The News*, which Hunt inserted with a reply. Colman shared Dibdin's indignation, and attacked "the d—d boy," as angrily contemptuous Inledon called him, in a prologue, "which," says Hunt, "by a curious chance Fawcett spoke right in my teeth, the box I sat in happening to be directly opposite to him." Hunt, however, gratified rather than offended, says he looked upon Colman as a great monkey pelting him with nuts, which he ate.

It was many years after he had encountered these signs of enmity and discontent, when an older and a wiser man, amidst domestic cares and pecuniary difficulties, and after a series of disappointments and vain efforts in other directions, he gratified an inclination, which had haunted him from the days of his childhood, by writing his first play. This was in blank verse, was called *The Legend of Florence*, and was written in six weeks, "in a state of delightful absorption, notwithstanding the nature of the story." He anxiously submitted it to the then principal reigning theatrical manager, by whom it was declined. He then wrote another play, in verse and five acts, but it met with a like fate. It was 1840 before *The Legend of Florence* found its way to the stage, in which year it was then produced with genuine success on the boards of Covent Garden. Leigh Hunt on that occasion for the first time became familiar with the greenroom and its occupants, and must have regretted as a matter of personal gratification that the pleasure he experienced in the society there met with came so late. He made a new circle of friends, who soon became very dear to him. Charles Mathews, whose loss we have so recently mourned, gave him the most cordial of hearty welcomes. Mr. Planché—whom we are pleased to have amongst us still, himself a successful dramatist, paid him the utmost attention, and did all he could to make him feel at home, complimenting him on the first reading of the play with more than words—tears—and giving him freely the full benefit of his practical experience. Miss Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, wept also at the reading of the play, and said after playing in it that she had achieved her highest success

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"READY FOR ANYTHING."

W. S. P. 1879

THE PRIMA DONNA'S HUSBAND.

Perhaps I'm very wrong to fret,
Perhaps I'm over zealous,
But as my wife's a public pet,
I own I'm madly jealous.

Her qualities are proved alway,
And mine are all distorted,
While in my presence, every day,
She openly is courted!

The tenor, who smokes my cigars,
A wretch of low demeanour,
Tells her his love between the bars
Of every cavatina!

As for the English barytone,
The one just now in fashion,
He does not hesitate to own
Aloud his guilty passion.

The basso, a Sardinian count,
A man of many duels,
Has dared to offer her a mount
Of cheap Brazilian jewels;

And, clinging to her everywhere,
Just like a plaster porous,
I find, when they don't think me there,
The members of the chorus.

They deluge her with "billets doux,"
With flowers and protestations,
I've letters home, at least a few,
From men of twenty nations.

She always has a dozen notes
When singing *Don Giovanni*,
And roses from a hundred coats
Each night of *Puritani*.

But when in *Faust* she plays the rôle
Of Margaret, so pacific,
The misses then, upon my soul,
Are perfectly terrific!

But as she always smiles the same,
A smile inane and tender,
On one and all, I cannot blame,
And do not dare offend her.

I merely made her firmly swear,
Never on earth to leave me
With any singer, old or fair,
And never to deceive me.

And the sweet creature kept her word,
I wronged her to suspect her,
For she, from all that I have heard,
Eloped with the director!

American Musical Times.

MR. SOTHERN ON HIMSELF.

"THERE'S one thing," says Mr. Sothorn, "that I am particular about. My portrait is, of course, no longer interesting to me. What good looks I ever had were lost, long ago, in the rough and tumble of the profession, and whether you flatter me or make me as ugly as a baboon—isn't that hair a shade too gray?—I don't care a button. But I am anxious to be set right as to my biography. What have you got down about me? What are you going to say? You know the old story that has passed current so long. According to that, my real name is Stuart—Douglas Stuart, eh? Yes, and I was born near Liverpool. Educated for a saw-bones. Ran away from the hospital to go on the stage. Father rich and stern; mother, an independent fortune in her own right, and unwilling to see her poor boy starve. Played leading business—little things like *Macbeth* and *Sir Giles Overreach*—in English provincial towns. Came to this country as a well. Made a grand debut at Boston. Eschewed tragedy and melodrama to devote myself to comedy. Assumed the serious rôles only once more to support Matilda Heron. Was the greatest—that is to say the most loveliest—*Armand* that ever trod the stage since Fechter created the part in Paris. Then the accidental *Dundreary*. Then glorious return to England. You know it all, don't you? Well, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that the most of this popularly received and generally accredited biography is all bosh—I apologise if my language, like the liquors, is too strong for you—all rot and rubbish."

Mr. Sothorn had arisen and leaned over the table, in a posture at once confidential and oratorical, as he continued: "Why should I entertain any false pride as to my origin or education? My artistic career is nearly at an end. The fortunes which I have invested in ships at Liverpool, mining stocks in California, real estate here and sheep farms in Australia, have made me a millionaire; and if, as the press tells me, I have done some good to art by my impersonations, why should I seek to conceal from the world that crowning lesson of my life—the good old lesson of the self-made man? My parents were rich in those virtues which adorn the Scotch-Irish character; but in nothing else. I came to this country to better myself, as many a lad of my stock has done, before and since my time. If I tried to assume the position of a leading actor at Boston, it was because, at that time, the worst foreign actor was considered (abroad) better than anything you had here. I failed, because as soon as I faced the Boston audience I saw that our estimate of American culture and intelligence was mistaken. Did I assume the airs of a crushed tragedian and talk of a conspiracy against me? No, sir! As you well remember—no, you're not old enough—but as your esteemed father well remembers—I promptly acknowledged my failure and was the first to tell the audience about it. Perhaps if I had held my tongue they would never have known anything about it; for they have accepted much worse actors since—but let that pass!"

The great comedian paused long enough to let this point penetrate Our Artist and take a drink of water. Then he resumed:

"Then, sir, what did I do? Return to my native shores and go into trade or till the fields my ancestors had tilled? No, sir! I accepted an engagement at Barnum's Museum for less wages—it was not large enough to be called a salary—than I now pay my dresser. I was the man-of-all-work at Barnum's, and there I learned my business. What did I play? Everything, from the favourite eunuch of the Caliph to the usurper who cut off that eunuch's head—from the Charles Mathews part in a farce to the utility man who brought on that comedian's hot water—from *Rob Roy* himself, sir (and with these legs), to the piper who split the ears of the groundlings while in attendance upon that valiant outlaw! Nobody could teach me anything of the rudiments of acting after I left Barnum's. I had simply to select my line and go on improving upon it, and I knew that ultimately the highest position in tragedy, comedy, burlesque, farce, or melodrama was within my reach. *Dundreary* gave me an opportunity, which might just as well have come in 'Hamlet' or 'The Corsican Brothers' or 'The Spectre Bridegroom,' for I had played them all—and all equally well—at Barnum's. I found *Dundreary* a conventional fop and worked at him until he became a caricature of the English aristocracy, with all their faults, foibles, and good-heartedness. Work, sir, work, hard work—that has been the sole secret of my success. I am, as I always have been, a working man, and that is the epitaph I want upon my monument, and the title which I intend to leave—with a few thousand pounds apiece—to my children. Put that in my biography, and you'll have it correct. Good morning!"—*American Musical and Dramatic Times*.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. HAZEN.—Many thanks for your problem.
E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.—A game such as you describe will be hardly less welcome than one of your problems. We are much obliged for your amusing letter and hope you will soon fulfil your kind promise.
J. R. (Brighton).—Your solution of Problem 253 (Mr. Thursby's) is correct.
E. T. (Bath).—We shall be glad to receive any specimens of your skill, whether exhibited in even games or at the odds of a piece.
Solutions of Puzzle 255 (E. J. L.'s), by J. P. T., S. J. Clay, Knight and Mac, and J. Rademacher, is correct.
"JULIA SHORT."—Your solution is correct, but it is not the author's. Put a white pawn on K R 4 square, and look at it in that form, it will repay further examination.
P. T. (Dalston).—E. J. L.'s Puzzle is, as you say, "very ingenious," but the solution is not easy (as you imagine) except to masters of the art, like yourself.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 255 (E. J. L.'s).

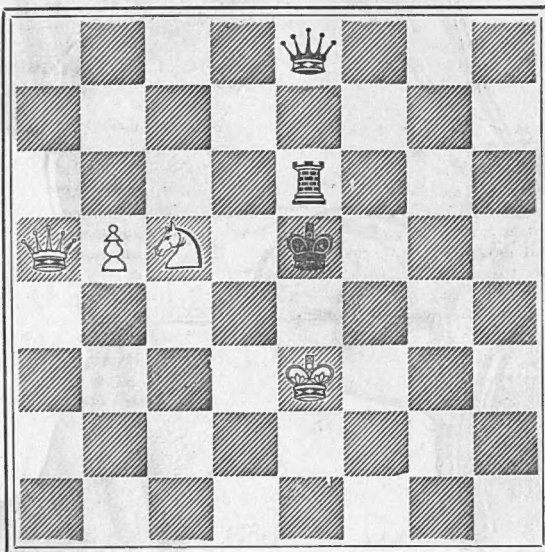
White's last move was pawn at B 7 takes B at king's square, becoming a Kt; but pawn from B 7 to B 8 becoming a Kt, mates.

PROBLEM No. 257.

(A very pretty puzzle.)

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to retract his last move and give mate.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A smart encounter at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Macdonnell and another amateur, the former giving the odds of a Knight.

WHITE. Mr. Macdonnell.	BLACK. Mr. S—.	WHITE. Mr. Macdonnell.	BLACK. Mr. S—.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. B to B 4	Kt to B 4 (e)
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	14. Q R to Q sq	Q to K 5
3. B to B 4	B to K 5	15. Q to B 2	Kt to Q 2
4. Castles	Castles	16. R to Q 4	Q to Kt 3
5. P to B 4	B takes Kt	17. P to Q Kt 3 (f)	Q R to Q sq
6. Q P takes B	P to B 3 (a)	18. Q to Q 2 (g)	P to Q B 4
7. Q to B 3	P to Q 4	19. R to Q 6	Q to K 5 (h)
8. B to Q 3	B to K 3 (b)	20. B to Kt 5	Q takes K P (i)
9. B P takes K P (c)	Kt takes P	21. R to K sq	Q to B 4
10. B takes Kt	P takes B	22. B takes R	R takes B
11. Q takes P	Q to Q 4 (d)	23. K R takes B	P takes R
12. Q to K 2	Kt to Q 2	24. R takes Kt (k)	

And white eventually won the game.

(a) Good enough; had he taken P with Kt, white would have speedily obtained a very strong attack by capturing the K P.

(b) The only piece he could bring effectually into immediate action.

(c) Better than taking P with P, which would have enabled the Q Kt to occupy B 3 square.

(d) It is generally advisable for the receiver of odds to try and effect the exchange of queens, but he ought never to waste moves over the attempt.

(e) P to B 3 seems best, and then white could not have played Q R to Q square on account of Q to B 4 (check).

(f) Preparing for the dislodgment of the B, should he ever alight on Q 4.
(g) This Q is now well placed both offensively and defensively.
(h) Cut off from her own forces, Her Majesty flits wildly about, like one dazed.
(i) Vainly hoping to emerge from the scrape with Kt, B, and P for Rook; had he, however, played the seemingly good move P to B 3, the game would probably have proceeded thus:—
21. P takes P P takes P 23. R takes R Kt takes R
22. B takes P R takes B 24. R takes R
And white, considering the odds given, ought to win.
(k) This manoeuvring illustrates:—The "magic of patience," and the wisdom of consolidation.

CHESS CHAT.

CHESS bores form various classes. Two of them I have already noticed, problem showers and game paraders; but decidedly the greatest of all bores are to be found amongst the on-lookers, and I am sorry to say they are far more numerous, as well as more disagreeable than any other class. A. belongs to this class. He comes and takes a seat by your side when you are about to begin a game, and when, after the opening moves have been made, you are just in the act of considering what is your best course, he taps you on the shoulder, and politely asks you to pass him a match box, and then with cigar or unclean pipe in his mouth, with unerring aim he squirts his horrid smoke right down your neck, or into your eyes or ears. After a few minutes the fidgetty creature rises up to go away, and in doing so distracts your attention, disturbs several other bystanders or by-sitters, and tramples energetically upon all feet afflicted with corns that happen to oppose his retreat. But he is not gone for good; he declares his seat to be engaged, and promises to return presently. The wretch keeps his promise, too, and on his return to resume his place creates fresh disturbance. Then, if his hair is bushy, he is sure every few minutes to extend his head over the board, making a deep and curiously-shaped shadow upon it with his curly locks, and preventing the player from having a comfortable view of the position of the pieces. Then as soon as his cigar is finished, or his pipe gone out, he calls for a plate of biscuits, which he munches as a horse does his oats, with a noise most grating to music-loving ears, and irritating to all well-strung nerves.

B. is a second bore. He is too grand to sit down to watch any man's game, but he is full of idle curiosity. So up and down the room he tramps, walking upon his heels, as though he were determined to make some noise in the world, and then, shortly after you have commenced a game, he stops near you, thrusts his head, an oily one, right under your nose, and inquires "What was the opening? whose move is it? and what was black's last?" Having thus pestered you, as though he were really interested in your game, he hurries away to enact a similar part at some other table.

Then there is C., who seldom visits a chess saloon, except when some important game or match is being played. He knows all the so-called celebrities. Well, he stalks into the room, watches to catch your eye as you are playing, and not content with your gracious bow, and "How do you do?" he pilots his way through any small crowd that may be around you, for the purpose of honouring you with a shake of his hand, and then, utterly regardless as to whether it is your move or not, he asks "How long have you been at this game? Have you much time to spare? Have you been playing any good games lately? and "Are you in good trim to-day?" Sometimes in full compensation for the trouble he has given you, his honour generously proffers you a cigar.

D. has another mode of torture. He will insist on putting up the position of your game on another board close to your elbow, or immediately behind your back, where he, with two or three other congenial spirits, descants aloud upon the merits or demerits of your moves, and anon exclaims: "I know what white will do now; you see I know his style; he will—in fact, he must—play King to Rook 6;" and then down goes his rook on the proposed square with a bang that startles the combatants. Somebody, perhaps, disputes the goodness of his move, whereupon he and his associates start up from their board to watch for the coming move. To the unfortunate wight who is considering over his move they seem to be floating in the air that surrounds him, and the contiguity of their persons is made painfully conscious to him by their concentrated breaths steaming hotly down upon his head, as though they were discharging lava upon it.

E. is the least offensive of the class of bores I am describing. He is sitting, say, opposite to you. You make a move of which he does not approve, and immediately there comes from him, in a sort of demi-semi hiss, "Th—th—th," as though he was astonished at your stupidity, and at the same time pitied you from the very bottom of his heart. When the position is critical he plays a tune with his fingers on the table, and when you make an unexpected sacrifice that obviously ensures victory he stops the strumming, and ejaculates, "Ex-actly. I thought so. Just what I expected." E., observe, is himself a very poor specimen of a rook player.

G— is a very provoking on-looker. He criticises every third move you make thus, "I expected a VERY different move from that," after frequent repetitions of this wise phrase, perhaps you get slightly irritated, and ask him, "What move he would have made?" and immediately he seizes the pieces without consulting the wishes of either player; flourishes them about rapidly and wildly, points out some brilliant sacrifice you could have made, and then prudently hurries away from the board, leaving several of the pieces that were on it before he commenced his manipulation, either in the box or on the floor.

Now I come to [little H., who is considered one of the great authorities on chess. When any important game is being played he is sure to be present, and to be asked frequently for his opinion of it by some bystanders. Thereupon he casts from a distance a glance at the board and turns away, followed by his worshippers, and then wafts to poor White's ears the horrible whisper, "Black must win." I intend to resume this subject next week.

MARS.

VINTAGE, 1874.

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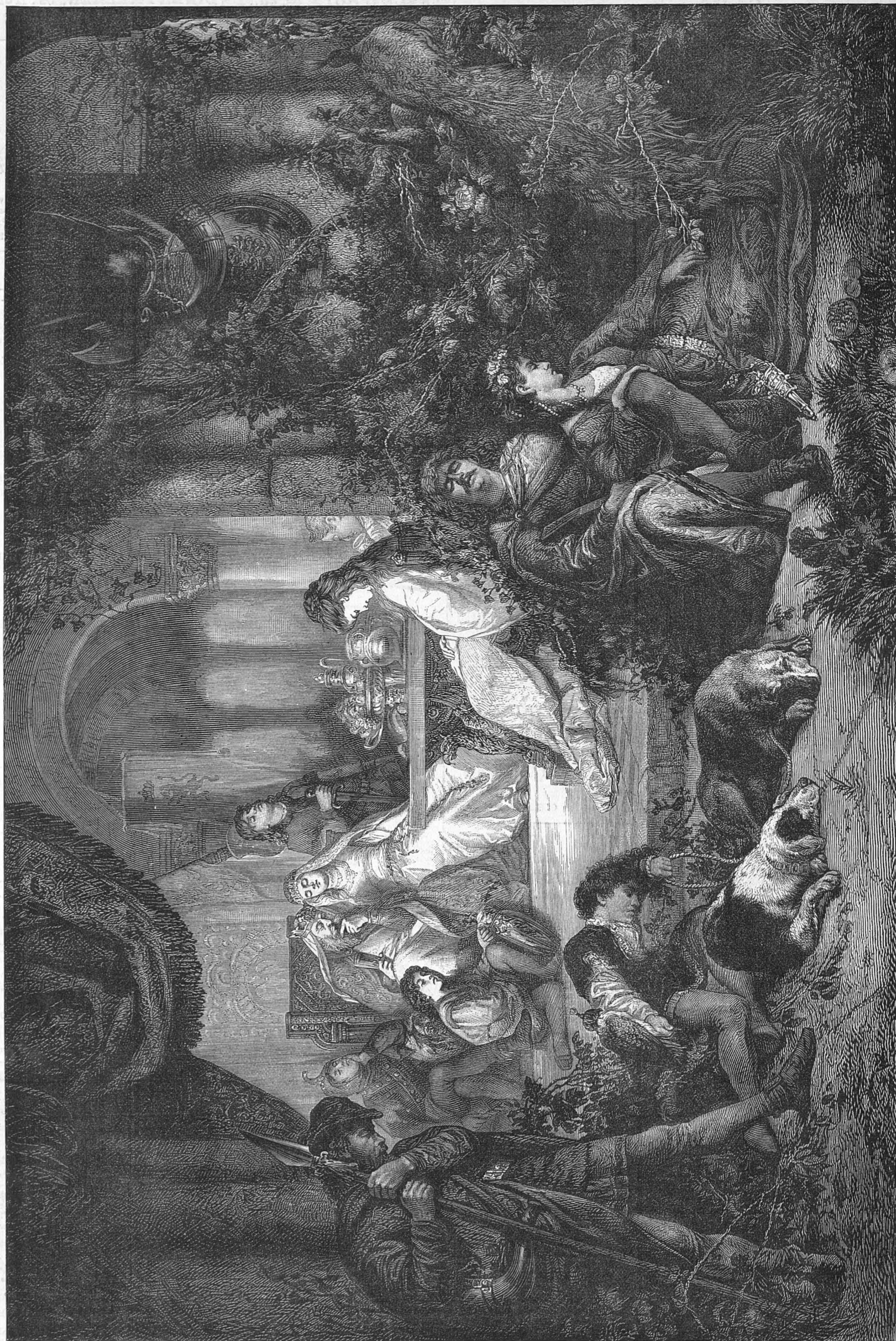
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